

The Graphic



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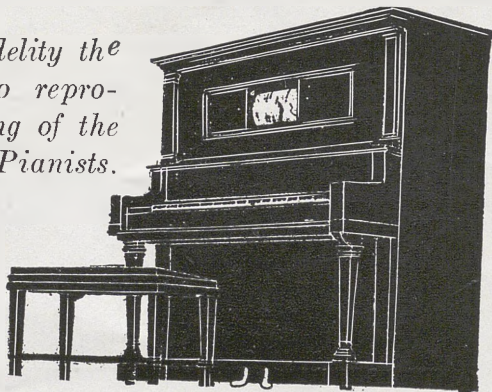
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The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH, - - - - - Managing Editor
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Polo												
Tennis												
Motoring												
Yachting Motor Boating												
Baseball												
Football												
Fishing (Trout)												
Fishing (Black Bass)												
Fishing (Salmon)												
Fishing (Tuna)												
Hunting (Deer)												
Hunting (Ducks, Geese)												
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The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

MISS DORIS COLLINS

In grandmamma's day, pianoforte and the singing of sweet old sentimental songs were accomplishments *de modo*. Today we are practical, proficient, capable, or talented in extremes. Miss Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Collins, Los Angeles, is all of these. She is capable; she is talented. Along aesthetic lines she has been a devotee of the art of interior decoration; but the war needs have usurped the throne of Art in America, and self-expression is now attained through the more urgent channels of Red Cross and other patriotic self-sacrifice.



NOTES OF THE WEEK

AT LAST WE APPEAR to be realizing that we must take the war seriously. If the people of this country will be perfectly candid with themselves, they will admit that hitherto they have not been taking very seriously their own participation in the great struggle of the nations. Let us confess, indeed, that up to the moment we declared war on Germany, and especially during the national campaign to select a Chief Executive, we were too lazy to make up our minds whether we wanted war or not. Were the charges true, then, that we were so materially opulent, so mentally flatulent, as a result of our war prosperity that we were incapable of appreciating our own moral obligations; that when we said we were too proud to fight, we were in reality too lazy to fight? Anyhow, it is a fact that when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed we did not fight; and to be as gentle as possible with our own conscience, we may prefer to say that it was because we were unprepared. We were unprepared in our physical equipment; but also, we were woefully unprepared in our mental disposition toward the war. And even today we are prone to think of it as a struggle between the Allies on the one hand, and Prussia on the other, instead of realizing that it is our own war, whether we like it or not.

ALTHOUGH WE HAD BEFORE us the example of Britain's costly blunders, until quite recently we did not seem to understand that it was necessary to change our ordinary peace mentality for one more befitting the new conditions with which we were faced. For the first nine months of the war, it has since been discovered, the British army was still organized on a peace footing instead of on a war footing; and for about the same length of time, indeed, until the historic attack made upon Lord Kitchener's administration, the general psychology of the British paralleled their military organization. There were many incompetents in office with responsibilities involving life or death for hundreds of thousands of brave men, and there were good men in office who were overloaded with work beyond human possibility. Party politics were being played as strenuously as ever, and there was scandal after scandal, such as the shortage of shells, and the failure of the government to control the cotton supply. The unseemly wrangling among the so-called leaders at home, must have appeared to the officers and men at the front, fighting their way through barbed wire under a murderous shell fire, to have bordered on the indecent and sacrilegious. At last, however, the people achieved

something like appreciation of the true state of affairs, declared that party politics in time of war was the sin unpardonable, and selected men regardless of party or position who were better equipped for responsibility. The British had learned at heart-rending cost that they could no longer rely only upon their traditional capacity for muddling through.

NOW THAT OUR OWN sons are being drafted we also understand better what war means. We are realizing that nowadays there is little romance about it. We are likely to be rudely shaken out of our conception of war as storming, mounted on a wonderful charger, say from the Baldwin stables, right up to the muzzle of a gun and getting away with it; and then being nursed back to a delicious convalescence by a beautiful Red Cross nurse, who is a titled lady in disguise. Modern war is an awful business, as the European peoples know; and if we are to be victorious it means that we have to excel in the modern methods of war, however awful. It means that we must abandon the state of mind that seemed to find complete patriotic expression in making a few stupid people kiss the Stars and Stripes, or in plowing up the grass lawns around our city halls. It means that we can no longer contemplate with serenity the dreary dialectics of Congress, and the consequent delay of the administrative departments in carrying on the work of the war. It means that we shall demand better figuring on the part of the financial authorities than appears to have characterized the war estimates of late. It means that the people who are now contributing their loved ones to the cause, possibly to find a grave in Flanders, are going to be impatient of anything that savors of party politics.

BUT AFTER ALL, GOVERNMENTS are pretty accurate reflections of the peoples themselves. The irresoluteness that characterized the actions and utterances of the administration in the early stages of the war was the direct result of the irresoluteness of the nation. Now that the nation appears to be deciding things there is hope that there will be more direct action at Washington. Reverses, of course, will stimulate, just as the news of Russia's setback has caused the American nation to stiffen its upper lip in a determination to see the thing through; but we ought not to be dependent upon artificial acceleration of that kind. The Kaiser, by sending his Zeppelins to raid the peaceful countryside and kill non-belligerents, was the chief recruiting officer for the British army and from a military point of view the air raids were frankly welcomed as a means of stirring the people from their lethargy. But that is an eleventh-hour riot-call kind of organization which is likely to be costly when set over against the scientific preparation of the German nation. This is being recognized, and with a growing appreciation of the great price we shall most likely have to pay there is fortunately coming a resoluteness of national spirit that is not to be daunted by the lugubrious newspaper headlines about the collapse of Russia. Of course Russia will come back. The leaders of Russia declare it to be unthinkable and intolerable that the Prussian shall be allowed to continue with his heel upon the neck of civilization, and if the Russians have such great hope and faith in the cause of the Allies, we should chide ourselves for any faltering in the faith. The time is ripe for the Allies to make a formal declaration of what they are fighting for, and then with that thoroughly understood by ourselves as well as the enemy, we can set our faces more confidently toward the future, fully realizing at last that war is a business that we must take seriously.

BY THE WAY

LEE A. Phillips is a name to conjure with in these parts just now. As one walks down Seventh Street from Grand to Broadway and reads those amazing signs to the effect that whole blocks of palatial new department stores are arising behind those dignified hoardings—and in war time, too—and appreciates that the transaction involves glittering millions of dollars, to say nothing of quietly transporting the center of the city from where it is to where Lee A. Phillips and his confreres thought it ought to be, is it any wonder that when two or three men are gathered together that gentleman is usually the hero of the conversation.

Mr. Phillips waved his wand and moved whole department stores with his sagacious persuasiveness. While he had the backing of numerous real estate barons, his was the mind that conceived the splendid and daring enterprise, that has learned to think imperially. No wonder the modern poets and novelists have seized upon modern big business for their theme. All the romance of the age is concentrated in big business nowadays; our Napoleons of enterprise are men of gigantic imagination who raise whole citadels for posterity. Lee A. Phillips will see his great inspiration arise to towering heights of re-inforced concrete, and emerge a glittering center of wealth and fashion which will establish Los Angeles in her metropolitan claims to fame and fortune.

Of the elect of Berkely Square, Lee A. Phillips is the owner of one of the most beautiful homes in that aristocratic demesne. And as he has been elected chairman of the exemption board for that district it will be the historic scene where most of our fashionable young men will learn their fate.

CHERISHED GOLF TROPHY

Although he is not a champion golfer, Lee A. Phillips is very popular amongst his country club confreres, and he has numerous trophies to his credit. Anent his very first trophy: when he was a 24 handicap man about five years ago, his friends played a sumptuous joke on "good old Lee". He had won a very sizable silver cup in one of the big club handicap events and celebrations were duly in order. But Mrs. Phillips was giving a dinner party that evening and he had to be a dutiful hubby and return for it. That wonderful testimonial to his prowess was shrouded in a green baize bag the while a bumper of champagne filled its celebrated mission for such occasions. But a naughty wag seized a sly opportunity to remove the silver chalice and substitute an empty champagne bottle. When Lee Phillips finally rushed home with his treasure, late for dinner, he endeavored to ward off criticism by explaining the triumphant extenuating circumstances. He led up to the grand climax with elated heroics e'er he produced the evidence. He will never live that glad day down. No one will ever forget his amazed and utterly stunned expression as he held that empty champagne bottle on high. But rumor tells that he still treasures the wicked substitute amongst his less dubious golf trophies. In addition to his other distinctions, Mr. Phillips is the father of an uncommonly charming daughter, whose engagement to Dr Morrison was recently announced. Miss Lucille Phillips is both intellectual and socially delightful. She is to return to Vassar to graduate before her marriage, and in the meantime is absorbed

in bacteriological research, which seems a stern subject for so young and feminine a maiden.

ALTADENA LION-TAMER

MRS A. W. Gartz of Altadena is a wild lion tamer. Never a ferocious celebrity comes to town but what she coaxes him to her den—that delightful little miniature clubhouse in the grounds of her beautiful home in the Altadena foothills. And they all roar beautifully for her. Whether it is Upton Sinclair, making public avowals of the great unheard-of sacrifices he has made for the Socialist cause; or John D. Barry talking Ford Peace Ship reminiscences and trying to clear Germany's character; or Mrs Sheehy-Skeffington calling Britannia unkind names; or Mukerji, the Indian philosopher, teaching the ignorant occidental how to think; or the latest psycho-analytic uplifter, you may be

delightful companion by sheer sincerity of personality. He is one of the most popular men in town—a reputation that brings fearful exactions in its train. For his adamantive integrity he is the natural victim of every kind of relief fund for which he is always required as treasurer. Fond parents always want to make him trustee and guardian for their children, husbands always want to leave clinging-vine widows in his care, everybody wants to make him executor of their wills. It is a fearsome thing to have a character of indubitable honor. And yet some people say honesty is the best policy

HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

WHEN Byron Jones, the popular aviator of North Island, San Diego, married the charming widow, he had already squared himself with her small son who entirely approved of an aviator father-to-be. Immediately after the wedding ceremony the small son flung himself wildly upon Mr Jones, and hugged him frantically. Friends laughed delightedly and the small boy turned round in high indignation. "Dont you laugh at me" he cried, "I can kiss my father-in-law if I like". And he calls him father-in-law to this day.

MADAM PRESIDENT

MRS. Robert Burdette of Pasadena was the first state president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. She is a most interesting personality who loves to tell a joke on herself. She has been three times married, each time to a totally different kind of husband, so that her experience should be invaluable in club work when the genus masculine is under discussion. Mrs Burdette always dresses in white and never went into black mourning for any of her husbands. She believes ardently in dress reform and has made many witty and forceful speeches on the subject.

MILLER'S MISSION

FRANK Miller of Riverside made a beautiful dream come true when he built the Glenwood Mission Inn. His mission in life is in picturesque concrete form and he is a fine modern missionary in religious art which he makes profitable on earth as well as in Heaven. Think of the genius which could conceive the outward charms of the old mission combined with the inward luxurious charms of the modern hotel, which could indulge a taste for religious statuary and paintings and church organs and mission bells and vesper chimes and

rosaries and devout parrots, and transform them into a fashionable pleasure resort, to which wealthy patrons go year after year, a voluntary pilgrimage they gladly pay for. The very bedrooms are hung with poetically-inspiring little mottos and one's bedroom is the ultimate glorification of a monk's cell de luxe. One pictures Frank Miller in cassock and tonsure in a previous incarnation, the ascetic type of monk. In this existence he is keeping the picturesque side, but omitting the asceticism.

SOME SUCCESSES

Clifford Broo'e stated to have produced more successful plays than any other director living presents "Pamela" for Mr. Morosco to Los Angeles this week. He was responsible for "Lombardi Limited," and among other successes are "Peter Ibbetson", "Smith", "Our Betters", "The New Sin", "Daybreak", a play by Jane Cowl.



LEE A. PHILLIPS

One of the Southern Californians who are inspiring big business enterprises in a quiet but effective way

sure of meeting them all at the Gartz home. Mrs Gartz has a son who has already served in France and is now taking aviation lessons to return for more valiant deeds, but she herself is an avowed pacifist. She is a delightful hostess and usually manages to make even the wildest, fiercest lions roar politely.

FATHER OF TENNIS

A. C. WAY of the First National Bank, enjoys a unique place in Southern California tennis. He it was who first saw the potentialities of plump little May Sutton, Pasadena's brilliant little girl tennis player in 1903, and stirred Pasadena to the proper stage of civic pride that decided to send her to England to win the world's championship. And he has been the guiding spirit of California tennis ever since. Mr. Way is a Canadian by birth, a banker by profession, a first class sportsman by nature, a

BY THE WAY

STEWART Edward White, the author, who is here recruiting a battalion for the European front, is as strenuous in his way as his intimate friend, Col. Roosevelt. It was Roosevelt who first made White's books best sellers. It was when he was president of the United States that he put the seal of his approval on the young author's work. Mr. White has lived in Santa Barbara for years, where, at his home, "The Jumping Off Place," he has entertained many famous persons. Charles Hopkins Adams spent a month there several years ago, as did Wallace Irwin, and there were jolly times when the visitors met the local contingent of well known writers. When the young Roosevelts went to Santa Barbara for their honeymoon the only hospitality they accepted was that of Mr. and Mrs. White, with whom they spent several days at the Whites' country home at Carpinteria, later the four taking a horseback trip of a week through the Santa Ynez mountain country. Mr. White has been twice in the interior of Africa, following Col. Roosevelt's footsteps closely. Besides getting game in abundance, and many fine heads for his Santa Barbara home, he secured matter for stories that are running in the Saturday Evening Post. The first time he went to Africa Mrs. White was of the party, but the second trip was taken without her, she choosing to remain in London and wait his return. White does not look rugged; but he is very athletic, and exceedingly earnest in anything he may undertake, his quiet enthusiasm winning over all obstacles. Never but once did White lose out in a plan, and it was this way. Rob Wagner, a portrait painter, and Mr. White, are firm friends, the intimacy dating from school and college days. At that time Mr. Wagner had his home in Santa Barbara, and the two were one day chatting of their diverse trades. The artist offered to wager that he could write. White took it up, declaring that he could paint. At it they went, digging hard, with the result that Mr. Wagner won a prize in a contest, and is now an acknowledged author; but so far as is known, Mr. White has not yet signed his name to a portrait.

CHAUTAUQUA DID NOT FAIL

ORGANIZATION, not the Los Angeles Chautauqua Assembly, failed. (writes an active Chautauquan). It is utterly impossible for the chautauqua as an institution, an ideal, to fail. This is to be our greatest chautauqua season—far greater than it ever could have been had we remained at peace. For we are just discovering that the platform is the invaluable arm of the nation in mobilizing the public mind. One-fifth of our population, more than 20,000,000 Americans, will attend the 6,000 chautauquas being held in the United States this summer. To say that Los Angeles is too large, that the people are not interested in chautauqua, is a direct reflection upon the community's intelligence. There are more chautauqua people in Los Angeles to the square inch, than in any other city of its size in the United States—Middle-westerners know the educational value of a chautauqua. Cleveland has three chautauquas, Philadelphia has a like number, while Redpath's most successful chautauqua was put on by the North Side Woman's Club in Chicago.

ARTHUR LETTS, JR.

WE note that Arthur Letts, Jr., son of the owner of the Broadway Department Store is amongst the drafted. Arthur Letts, Jr., told his friends some time ago that his father was afraid of him falling below the standard of masculinity set up by his parent's ideals, and had offered him filial reward if he made good in any one particular department of sport. So the boy took up golf, and in a very brief time he won distinction at the Brentwood Country Club tournament, carrying home a silver trophy as testimony of his prowess. He was certainly making good—and had his handicap drastically cut by the official handicapper as evidence of his skill. And now it would seem he is to be transferred to a more exacting field of endurance.

FROM the artist receiving the plaudits of thousands, to the mother bewailing her children gone to war, Schumann-Heink passed from the stage of her recital at the lately-lamented Chautauqua to the green room, and the consoling words of friends. Said the great contralto, "Schrecklich! Here I am, torn between the love of my two sons. One, who was in Germany, is now in a submarine, I know not where; another son is in the United States navy; and soon I will not know where he is. Suppose their vessels meet! It is horrible. I spend hours in agony over what might happen. There is my mother country of Germany, suffering no one knows what; and there is my adopted country of America, where I am proud to be a citizen, and now it is at war. That is horrible enough; but to think that my two sons also are at war, each seeking to sink the ship of the other!" And the great singer, who a few moments before had charmed thousands of listeners, and had passed smiling off the stage, became only the mother, fearful for her children, all the more so since the rather recent death of the son on whom she most relied.

THE AVIATION HERO

LIEUTENANT Bert Hall has been in his French aviation uniform and medals, for the past two weeks, and has been cutting no end of a dash. He wears the uniform and the six medals all the time, and never disappoints the debutantes by appearing in mere mufti. He has a military bow that swings those medals gracefully forward, and we tremble for his balance. Male critics, with jaundiced eye, have waxed a little critical about those medals. They discuss them as a matter of "good form"; but of course, what they really mean is that it isn't playing the game for a fellow to put it all over them like that, and distract the attention of their lady guests. It is taking an unfair advantage of their disabilities. How can a mere Liberty Loan or Red Cross button, hope to hold its own against the last medal the Czar of Russia conferred before his abdication? Or the British D. S. O., or the French war cross? They never appreciated the charms of retiring modesty in heroes so much before. If the Lieutenant would only try it, they feel it would be so becoming to him—and so restful for them. The lieutenant is bearing his blushing honors thick upon him. Once an automobile racer, unused to feminine society, he finds the exploits of the air much more substantially attractive—with medallie evidence. And who can blame him for making hay while the sun shines? When one considers what some men can get away with minus the medals, the gallant lieutenant is



Goodale Bigelow

REAR-ADMIRAL C. McR. WINSLOW, Retired, San Diego

absolutely justified.

STATE CHAMPION

LAURENCE Cowing, affectionately known as "Larry", California Golf Champion, becomes a soldier of the United States Army under the first draft. If the great lottery has blindly selected many men of his caliber, the U. S. Army should be second to none. Larry Cowing is the best type of American, of good physique, athletic, even-tempered, modest. And notwithstanding the ridicule that is reserved for the game of golf, it is a sport that offers excellent training and discipline for the character and for health. The man who can win a state golf championship from a field of nearly two hundred players' as Cowing did at Del Monte last year, is no temperamental mollycoddle. He has to have all his faculties very much about him, his every muscle under control, his emotions calm and unruffled, his eye clear and his mind alert. The game calls for self-mastery in every particular—that game in which the most scientific shots are those reserved for getting out of trouble. It calls for the skill that is backed by resourcefulness, that views hazards and bunkers and "the rough" with equanimity in the assurance that, if it doesn't escape them, it can circumvent their machinations. Under the circumstances what better recruiting field could the U. S. A. find than the golf links? California is going to be proud of her State champion.

LEST WE FORGET THE LEIT MOTIF OF THE WAR



Cartoon by Will Dyson

THE PROTECTOR OF KULTUR

MINOR GERMANS, (GOETHE, BEETHOVEN, and WAGNER): "Hail, Savior Krupp, how can we ever thank thee?"

Reproduced from "Kultur Cartoons"

CLUB CAUSERIE ON CALIFORNIA

By BECKY SHARP

THEY were sitting on the terrace at the Los Angeles Country Club as the golfers were coming in from the afternoon rounds. The Los Angeles hostess had the Newport dame in tow. The Canadian Officer's wife looked pensive. The Middle Western visitor was sighing restfully. She had left hubby, the banker of a small town, submerged in the Liberty Loan. The French widow twinkled with eloquent silence.

The L. A. Hostess. "Tea or something long and cold?"

The Newport Dame. "Mine's a highball, thanks. And a club sandwich. Simply can't appease my appetite here."

The Canadian Widow. "Oh, tea, please—and plenty of toast. And some of that scrumptious marmalade. It beats the Scotch variety."

The N-W. Visitor. "Perhaps I had better have tea, too."

The French Widow. (beaming) Me, I shall take first a cocktail. Then, too, the tea. They are both so bad for me."

The M-W. V. "Do you think perhaps..."

The L. A. H. "Of course. Three Martinis and a highball, and three teas and a box of cigarettes, waiter".

The N. D. "You certainly have your climate duly on tap today, my dear. Does it happen to order?"

The L. A. H. "Don't tempt me to a vulgar California boost, chérie, I shall go on forever".

The N. D. "Not Really, darling. Honestly, is there anything to this California clamorousness? You have a reputation for it over here, of course, but we always take your ebullience with a grain of salt".

The M-W. V. "Me, I think it is better than the Riviera. The consolations they are so many."

The L. A. H. Now don't encourage me, I beg. You know we Californians are beginning to feel a little conscience-stricken about our bragging. We almost go to the Chinese extreme and deliberately depreciate our attractions—but woe betide the one who dares agree with us".

The C. O. W. "Haven't noticed the complaint, dear. Why, a local modiste was assuring me only this morning that the best Paris fashions always come to Los Angeles first."

The N. B. "How absurd! I am a nervous wreck trying to explain my sartorial requirements by wire to New York."

The L. A. H. "And just for that, my dear, you shall do the whole coming Fashion Show from Ninth to Second Street, and I dare you to miss a single department. Why, we are going to have two fashion shows; the regular fall one, and another six weeks later to celebrate the opening of four big stores".

The M-W. V. "How can they have the courage to build four new stores in these hard times? My husband says building is at a standstill in Kansas. I think it is very reckless of them".

The L. A. H. "Pooh! we thrive on recklessness here. California is young and blissfully self-confident. Besides, what are we to do with all the money we save on the housekeeping if we don't spend it on clothes? We can't give it all to the Red Cross".

The C. O. W. "I must agree the women do dress well here. But in these war times don't you think..."

The F. W. "Oh, no. Le bon Dieu, He has given women the two consolations—les enfants et la toilette".

The L. A. H. "Of course. Any woman can be brave when she is sure of her clothes, her figure, her hair and her complexion. And California is good for them all."

The N. D. "Not for the figure, by my halidom! Why, chérie, I have gained ten pounds in two weeks".

The F. W. "So becoming, is it not so? The gentlemen, you know, they like us plump. Dimples now, make the husband proud, they give him the credit, n'est-ce pas? But bones and points and edges—such a femme make him feel—what you call it?"

The C. O. W. "A piker! There's something to be said for that."

The N. D. "Dimples, yes, but oddsfish, woman, mine are fast becoming creases and folds".

The L. A. H. "Pooh, that's because you are lazy and eat too much. Now if you played golf and tennis—which you can do here all the year round—you could easily keep that down. An 8-hour day at bridge would spoil the figure in any climate. No, aspersions, chérie—but aren't you and I the same age?"

The N. D. "What's that got to do with it?"

The L. A. H. "Well, I feel ten years younger, and I believe I look it. When I came to California ten years ago I was a jaded, washed out neurotic, and looked past forty-five. Now I am so skittish that my own children call me to order, and look dubiously at my hair. The little horrors actually want a grey-haired mother".

The F. W. "And I said le bon Dieu had sent them to us for a consolation. You do not look a day over thirty."

The N. D. "No, she doesn't, does she? But she's forty-two, so there. Now tell me I look forty-two!"

The L. A. H. "But you need not, dear. Newport is so ageing. Try California. We have nothing but dashing, youthful athletic grandmothers here. And any of our debutantes will tell you that they suffer shamefully from the competition of the young matron. It's almost scandalous."

The M-W. V. (Who has been listening with alarm) "But that hardly seems quite fair, and—er—not exactly proper".

The C. O. W. "For a suffragette state, masculine admiration scarcely seems to be despised".

The F. W. "Poof! How silly! That is how they gained the vote, is it not so?"

The L. A. H. "Of course. We don't necessarily respect them, but we love them. Or rather, we insist upon them loving us. But anyway the California climate just naturally makes them gallant".

The M-W. V. (pensively) "John must arrange his interests and come to live here now. You know, it's kind of funny, but John has dreamed California for years. A kind of paradise to retire to. He came out here one February, so when California gets in his brain, he grunts and says it wouldn't be like that in summer. But it is, isn't it?"

The L. A. H. "We rather think the summer is the best time ourselves. Ugh! fancy living amongst elevated railways and factory chimneys in a New York or Chicago summer! That

was when we had our hazy fond dreams of California, too. You know, I think most of us came here as the fulfilment of the California idea that got itself wedged into our brain and set up an irritation that could only be allayed by packing up and coming."

The C. O. W. "Yes, we get it in Canada in the long winters, that fatal itch for California. Arthur gets his discharge this week. His last go of typhoid in the trenches, you know..."

The L. A. H. "He's coming here, I hope. It will set him up sooner than anything. Now listen, both of you, we have two vacant lots near us..."

The N. D. "Heavens! The woman is trying to sell you real estate already. Every blessed citizen is in the business."

The L. A. H. "Yes, I have one for you, too, dear. But I think you ought to buy the M...s house. He is probably going to be sent as ambassador to South America—and it's a duck of a place. You could get it for..."

The N. D. That will do, thanks. You had better prune me down to a fascinating thirty before you spring anything like that."

The F. W. "La, la! If that is a bargain, you are doomed. She will make you play golf every day, and stand up for half an hour after meals, and maybe grow potatoes in the back-garden".

The L. A. H. "Done! Bully for you, Fifi. You help me get her in training and we'll have her wiring her poor henpecked spouse to sell the Newport place and send the proceeds in notime".

The N. D. "But, my dear, forgive me, you have no society here!"



BROOKSIDE HALT AT PASADENA

Mrs. George F. Fox, Washington, D. C., and Miss Priscilla Margage, of New York

BEAUTY AT

THE BEACH

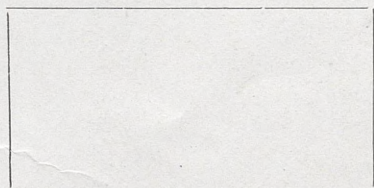


—Formidable suggestion that one should worship at a respectful distance. Miss Ethel Ogden and her life guard.



—Untroubled by Montessori—Marie Morphy, Eleanor Wailes and Wanda Morphy.

—Three winsome winners at the post. Miss Marjorie Flowers, Miss Phillis Flowers, Miss Elsinore Morphy, at Santa Monica.



—International

—What's the joke? Anyhow, Miss Ethel Gordon and Miss Adelaide Bundy seem to appreciate it.



—After a strenuous round of golf, Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. W. A. Brackenridge, Mrs. Paul A. Pitner and Mr. Stanley Kavanaugh find the Midwick pool refreshing.

INTERPRETING RUSSIA

TO the Russian all things are serious, even his humor—or so it seems to the spontaneous American. Hence it was with almost solemn dignity, that Theodore Kosloff, famous Russian dancer, discussed his artistic ideals and work, in his Los Angeles studio where characteristic photographs of choreographic artists, and eccentrically fantastic sketches fill the mural spaces. "Eldest of the sister arts is Terpsichore, muse of the Dance," said this former associate of the wondrous Karsavina. Kosloff and Karsavina, Mordkin and Pavlowa, Nijinsky and Revalles, Bolm and Lopokora; one thinks of these naturally in pairs in cursory survey; this famous group, that once took London, Paris, and America by storm, with all their matchless artistry, has scattered.

"In nature, in life, in every animate thing is rhythm," continued Kosloff. "In the wooing of the pigeons, for instance, as they dance around each other; that is a dance poem in itself. The coiling writhings of the snake are plastic motions of the dance, and from earliest Biblical times, when Eve was tempted in the Garden, the dance has gone through different evolutions until we find it as it is today; altho' today its history and purposes have been quite forgotten."

"I have always tried to find and keep its blood relationships with music, drama, sculpture, painting, and the other arts. And it is with this in view that I have worked all my productions at the Winter Garden, Berlin, at the Chatelet, Paris, at the Coliseum, Palace and Alhambra, London, and at the Winter Garden productions of Gertrude Hoffman's Russian Ballet, and other Shubert theaters in New York."

Kosloff has studied languages, has mastered voice culture sufficiently to have sung in grand opera, has studied painting, and has exhibited his pictures in a London art gallery; he has read widely and regarded his art from a large angle, despite discouragement, and difficulty. He began his career, at eight years of age, by entering the Imperial Ballet, which is under government supervision, with branches in Moscow and Petrograd. During eight years the government assumes the responsibility for the training and education of these children. In return, the pupil agrees to remain in its service twenty years, after which comes retirement and a comfortable pension. But these twenty years must be passed in Russia dancing, so that those who leave the country as Kosloff, Pavlowa and Nijinsky have done, probably will never earn retirement, although they are still members of the Imperial Ballet, on leave of absence.

Kosloff has interested himself in the drama, and the art of the stage also. "In Russia, France, Italy, Germany, England and in America, everywhere I have found limited space and possibilities, and skepticism" he continued. "So, that as to the Romans in days of old all roads led to Rome, now all roads lead to the motion picture. There, is a much wider scope for expression."

That is why I left the stage, came to Los Angeles, and opened my studio, where I am preparing the foundation for my next work. The art is only in its infancy, and will mean much to the world one day.

"Jeanie MacPherson, the well known scenario writer, made it possible for me to begin my work with such an artist and producer as Cecil de Mille. I assisted at the direction of his last picture and concluded then that he was without doubt a Napoleon of Moving Pictures; a master painter of these living pictures of art. He has a constructive ideal, the foundation of which he is laying quietly and carefully. He knows that nothing is gained by taking the public by the hair and shaking it into a realization of that ideal; but he has broken the windows of the motion picture house, and is letting in the fresh, sweet air. Nay more, he is installing a ventilator of new and approved ideas that will revolutionize the art of the screen."

Probably it is a secret—but Theodore Kosloff came to Los Angeles especially to learn the details of this new art, to take them back to Russia that his fellow-countrymen may share in this discovery.

This artist has with him a group of interesting Russian friends; Mademoiselles Naacha Rambova, Vera Fredowa, Alexandre Ivanoff, and others of his petite Ballet Russe. Nat-acha Rambova, finds much to interest her in this country. "You American women are so different. To all appearances when you marry, your pathway diverges immediately from that of your husband. Teas, parties, clubs and the like occupy the wife; business engages the husband. Not so in my country. But perhaps I have not had opportunity for observation in order to judge properly. As to your business women, we have no such type, and so they are yet unclassified. Your girls are natural dancers, but they leave off where they should begin, that is why they never reach the height our girls do, for, as soon as they can dance rather prettily, they open a studio for themselves and teach half-baked ideas and technique, or else go into musical comedy—for which, of course, they are perhaps not so much to blame. Most of the talented girls are poor and must earn a living."

Perhaps Mlle. Rambova does not intend a sweeping generalization here; because all Continentals know, and most Americans acknowledge, our positive shortcomings, or shall we say handicaps; what with our differences in racial characteristics, our lack of historical background, our neo-

orientalism, and our incapacity for involuntary emotional expression, or for that natural reflex of the intellect upon the emotion. These are in embryo, if not actually denied; whereas with the Russian, they are usually inherent, and he cannot be said, in that case, to be directly responsible for their ripening fruition.

RUSSIA

We believe that Russia will have another "crisis" worse than any that she has yet had; we believe that the "secret tries" will be made public; but we also believe that the new Russia will come through it all with those sleepy, half-awakened eyes of hers set humbly and unchangeably upon the path of order, democracy and freedom.

After the draft we are getting the number of a good many people.



NATACHA RAMBOVA

Whose mimetic powers in "Russian Toys," in the last season, recalled Lopokova's in "Petrouchka." Mlle. Rambova is a fine example of the cultured Russian woman, as well as an artist of ability.

RUSSIAN STAR WHO DANCED WITH KARSAVINA



THEODORE KOSLOFF

Who has made himself famous in this country in his work with Gertrude Hoffman at the Winter Garden, and the Shubert houses in New York, and latterly with his tabloid edition of Serge Diaghileff's Ballet Russe, of which he was formerly a member.



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AVALON, CATALINA, SPORTING CENTER FOR DEEP-SEA FISHING, AND YACHTING

This fairy port attracts people from all over the world; and especially attracts certain established groups of Californians every summer of their lives

CALIFORNIA AS AN IDEAL SUMMER RESORT

THE charms and delights of a California summer have not been sung so often as those of a California winter, yet Summer comes to California in her gentlest, sweetest guise. For Old Sol tempers the ferocity of his flame in California, and even when he shines twelve hours a day seven days a week for five long rainless months, even when the thermometer declares him to be radiating at a temperature in the nineties, it is never the overwhelming heat of an eastern summer. The gruelling "heat waves" of the more extreme climes that use up every ounce of vitality are unknown on the Pacific Coast, where the exhilaration of the tonic atmosphere precludes all humidity.

And the lovely California summer nights which are always cool! How soft and infinitely refreshing they are. One always needs a blanket for covering in California, no matter what the temperature of the day has been. That is because the gentle zephyrs from the sea have a pleasant little regular habit of wafting in every afternoon to bring their invigorating message to the land.

No wonder the coast teems with magnificent pleasure resorts where every kind of outdoor sport can be enjoyed the whole year round. Summer polo and golf at Coronado, yachting, swimming, tennis, croquet, with those fascinating dance teas on the terrace. Such a gay fashionable crowd on pleasure bent. And the majestic Virginia Hotel at Long Beach, right down on the sands, with shady lawns almost touching the sea, with its adjacent country club, its world famous tennis courts, its inimitable bathing. And dainty little Del Mar,

set in wild picturesque scenery on the road to San Diego, with its Stratford Inn, its unique out-of-doors theatre, its colony of luxurious seaside homes, its new golf course, its alluring sea ravines and automobile roads up winding mountainous cliffs. And Santa Barbara further north, with that fine institution, El Mirasol and other great pleasure hotels, with its colony of wealthy homes on the picturesque sites, surrounding the alluring little country club, right on the edge of the cliffs by the sea.

And the big golf event of the year at the end of the summer up at Del Monte, the golfers' mecca, where expert players from all parts of the country congregate for one dizzy week to compete for championship laurels. Del Monte with its lover's walks, its silvery glades, its great shady grounds, so artfully dotted with secluded seats, its great be-flowered and big be-foliaged lake, its lovely coast scenery with those gnarled old Monterey pines lend a wild and mountainous touch. Its quaint Peeble Beach lodge which entertains so many gay parties of motorists, its calm bay for boating and fishing.

And cutey little Catalina Island, famous for its fishing, and the Tuna Club, membership of which goes by merit. Only he who has landed his 100 lb tuna is eligible. And its cosy little country club and golf course tucked away in the very center of the island hills. Its glass-bottomed boats, its little harbor of private yachts, its wonderful bathing and daily excitement of the arrival of the packet from Los Angeles.



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POLO, A PRINCELY SPORT

At the clubs, and more especially around Coronado and Del Monte vicinities, enthusiasts are actively engaged in polo, the season for the most part lasting the year around



A GALA DAY IS THE REGATTA IN SAN DIEGO

It is a joy to sail on these southern waters, even in competition, for the harbor of San Diego and the twenty mile stretch of water to the isles of Los Coronados, cannot be denied. The Regatta once a year, like a far cry, gathers the floating populace of sloops and yachts



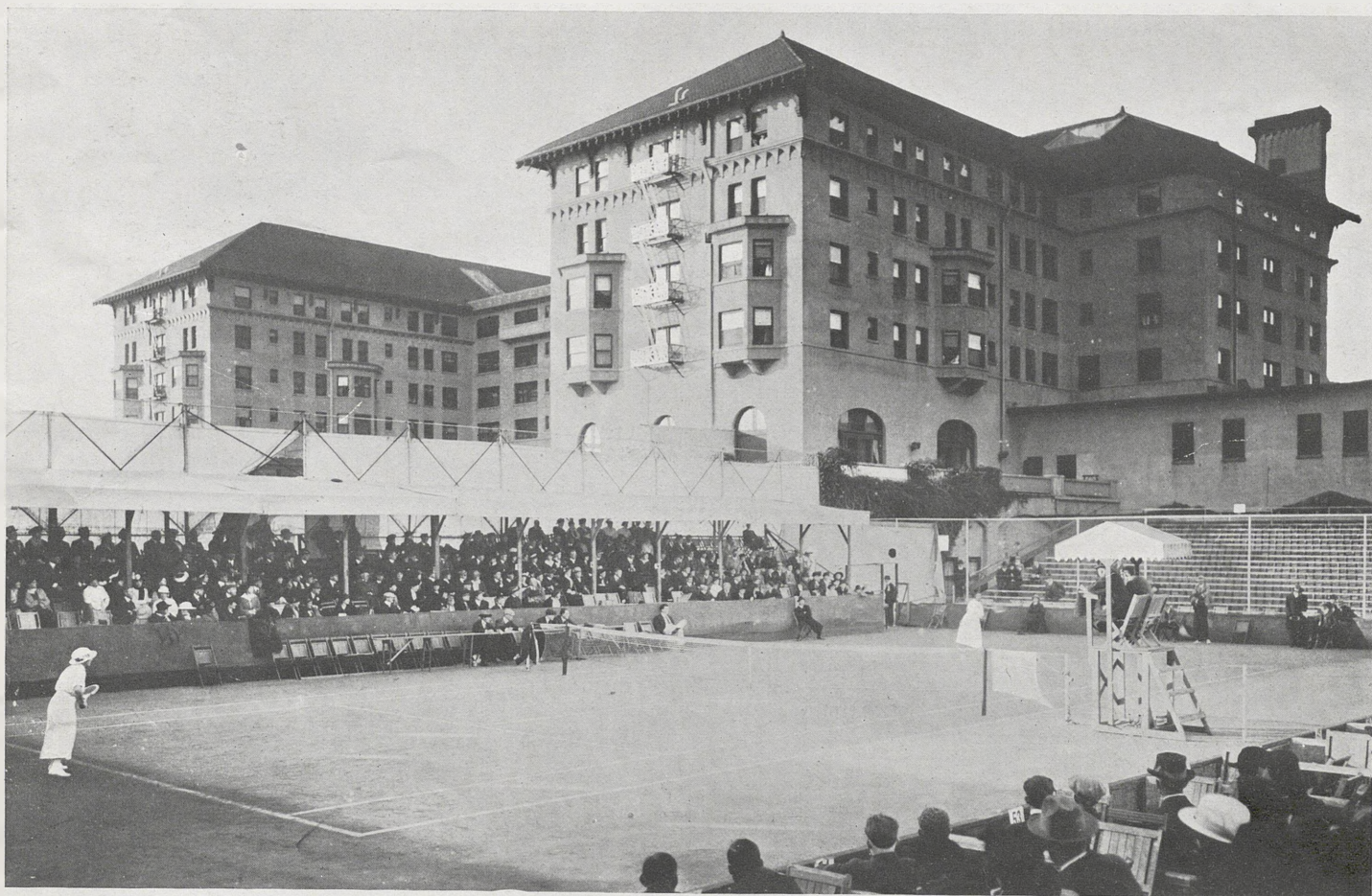
HIGHER THAN ANY PEAK IN SWITZERLAND

Mount Whitney, towering above Owens Lake, offers the great attraction for mountain climbers; but it is only one of a thousand peaks accessible to nature-lovers



THE SANTA BARBARA PALISADES

Here the sands are as warm as those of the more southern beaches; the water as calmly blue, the mountains bluer. One can bask after bathing as comfortably here, as anywhere; or follow the curling water's edge on horseback, hitting the trail another day, in Santa Barbara.



THE TENNIS COURTS AT THE HOTEL VIRGINIA ARE FAMOUS

One of the many interesting and spectacular matches at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, in which an all star cast, including May Sutton Bundy and Molla Bjurstedt played before a fair-sized audience of personal admirers



AMONG US MORTALS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

THE MAGAZINE-PUBLISHING OFFICE



The lady who expects to land in the editorial sanctum by bombarding with all her charms the boy at the outer gate.

The line in the anteroom on a busy morning, showing the insurance agent waiting to tackle the art editor; the lady who takes herself awfully hard, with an article on "Sponge Fishing" in serial form; the art student with the portfolio of life drawings, cribbing pointers from the framed originals; and the popular illustrator who no longer knows any one but the big men in the profession.



"Jack, boy," she broke in, with a half sob, "go . . . go, and fight . . . for your country . . . and for me!" Lady manuscript reader who would like to draft the authors of war stories.

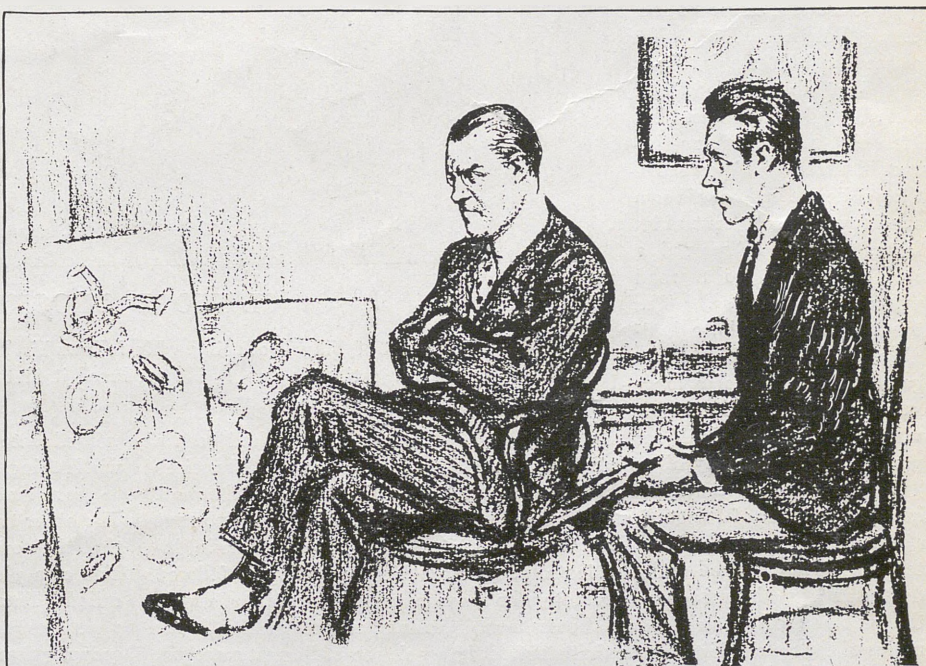
The lady who tried to sell a humorous anecdote finds herself going down in the elevator with the editor, whom she could not see because he was out of town.



"Whaddye wanna see 'im about?"



Miss Pryce, who has to do all the dirty work for the editor, softens the blow with: "Liked your work so much—but we had several of the same type on hand—and besides, we seldom buy any illustrations at all," etc., etc.



"Now, this one of the exploding automobile I like immensely—it's got feeling and all that—but I'm afraid to chance it. You see, it might offend our automobile advertisers, and we have to be very careful of that sort of thing. If it were a café scene, I'd take it."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE musical and theatrical world of Los Angeles has done what it can to assure that the soul of the late Maitland Davies, dramatic critic, shall rest in peace. The benefit performance at the Mason on Sunday evening, was a wonderful tribute to his popularity. It was a superlative event, and Impressario Behymer filled the most delicate task of paying a tribute to the departed, with infinite finesse and good taste. It was a manly speech, devoid of cheap sentimentality. And it was an amazing program. Charlie Chaplin in the happy guise of a speaking actor playing naughty tricks with his audience's emotions, was a gem. Ah! but it is good to be Charlie. How the people rose at him. His whimsical playfulness added a new endearment to his charms. And Blanche Ring, in the guise of a clever vaudeville singer and dancer, warbling about the lady whose mamma's name was Cleo, and whose papa's name was Pat, so they called her Cleopatra, and she had to try to live up to it, was delicious. And Bill Hart, trying to look modest and shy as he told stories about himself, concluding with some weepy recitations about little dogs without a pedigree; and dainty little Kathleen Clifford, with her essentially ladylike voice and bearing, singing piquant songs in male attire; and that amazing young woman Caliste Donant, who performs such staggering feats of strength and suppleness, and places such abiding faith in a pair of white silk tights; and Crane Wilbur in a British soldier's uniform, reciting Robert Service's most poignant Red Cross poems; and last but not least, Theda Bara in a box, dressed in soft bridal white, and bowing sweetly as the limelight glowed upon her. Every masculine eye in the house wandered fitfully towards that box to the alarm of undistinguished femininity. It only wanted Mary Pickford in the next box to make their havoc complete.

LEO Carillo, the popular star of the Morosco success, "Lombardi, Ltd", that closes tonight after playing to capacity houses for four weeks, might have spent his life doing hand-made-on-the-spot illustrations of persons in the public eye had not his own mischievous act sent him forth, from what seemed a secure position, to a road wherein lay success. The truth is that Carillo, a budding newspaper illustrator, got on the nerves of a long-suffering editor, and was advised half-seriously, half-jocularly to get into impersonations. It had been a particularly trying day all round. Jack Barrett, editor of the San Francisco "Examiner" had withdrawn behind his huge roll-top desk, where not the most intrepid member of the staff would have dared disturb him for anything, but a "peach" of a story. The reporters were working like mad when Carrillo, intent on resting a spell and, incidentally, making things gay for his fellows, drifted in from the art-room. Presently the air vibrated to the whirr of wings, the beat of hoofs, crows, cackles, honks, quacks, bleats, all the multitudinous noises of the ranch. With a roar that startled the whole room, Barrett emerged, shouting violently to the office boy: "Here, boy, beat it over to that real estate office across the hall; tell him that Mr. Barrett says he has stood all of this barnyard row he's going to; tell him, by gad, he can't use this office as a

farm annex for his livestock; tell him the simple life's got to stop right here, this minute, get that?" A chuckle not only arrested the boy but gave Barret pause. He turned, and seeing Carillo, realized who was responsible for the commotion. "This is no chicken yard," he roared. "You get out into vaudeville where you belong." Carillo obeyed. Ashton Stevens, dramatic critic, got him a hearing from the Orpheum; Tommy Nunan, special writer, wrote him a clever skit and in two weeks his slim pay envelope had been exchanged for a very fat one. He made an instant hit in an impersonation of a rich young motorist driving, care-free through the land, running over everything in his way, including a circus; finally bringing up, ker-smash, against a steam engine.

It was a scream, and ever since then, Leo has been going up as fast as that engine he portrayed. Here's hoping he stays up longer. He is not dependent on his work for money, being one of the heirs of the de Baker millions, through his father, the late Judge Juan Carillo of Santa Monica. And down in the seaside city in his boyhood, Leo enjoyed quite a reputation as a swimmer, and at an early age held two medals for saving drowning persons.



CLIFFORD BROOKE

Pastmaster in the art of Play Producing. He follows his "Lombardi Limited" success with "Pamela" at the Majestic this week. He produced it first in London and made a great hit

THOSE who expected the Orpheum bill of this week not to measure quite up to the program of last week, were a bit mistaken. There are only three holdovers and they are good of their kind. Quite apropos of the Billy Sunday campaign and his methods, is the sketch of Austin Webb and his company. Webb takes the role of Jimmy Spaulding, an evangelist who has been preaching against graft, and whose sermon brings specimens of it to his sanctum, and finally discloses that he himself is a grafter. This is played with so excellent a distribution of parts, and in so hearty and spontaneous a manner by the principal and his four assistants, that it is a delight to witness. If Billy Sunday can turn up as entertaining a stunt—which I doubt—he deserves the gate money. Two mighty clever comedy conceits are added to the bill. The first is the Rolland company in a skit called "The Vacuum Cleaner." Rolland is good but he has his comedy equal in Bally Kelly, whose low-class English is a continuous laugh. And incidentally the fore—and hind—legs of Ginger, the horse that draws the vacuum-cleaner wagon, are unusually

well-educated groups of amblers. In the Clark and Hamilton team, Clark is the whole thing, the Hamilton section of it being simply to ejaculate, "What," and to prove that she can't dance. Clark's wit is subtle and requires close attention. The other two numbers are musical. Gertrude Long and Spencer Ward prove that they can sing with well-placed voices, and they excuse their singing by a hint of a plot that offers a good setting. The other new musical number is called "Three Vagrants"; clever fellows who take off Italian street singers in a picturesque way and neatly combine comedy with clever playing on an overgrown guitar, clarinet, and concertina. Each one of these turns is interesting in its own way. Elsa Ruegger opens her bill with a rarely heard novelty, "Annie Laurie," but offers one piece of real music before she gets through, which gives a hint of her virtuosity.

PRIMA DONNA TO APPEAR ON COMEDY STAGE



Ira L. Hill

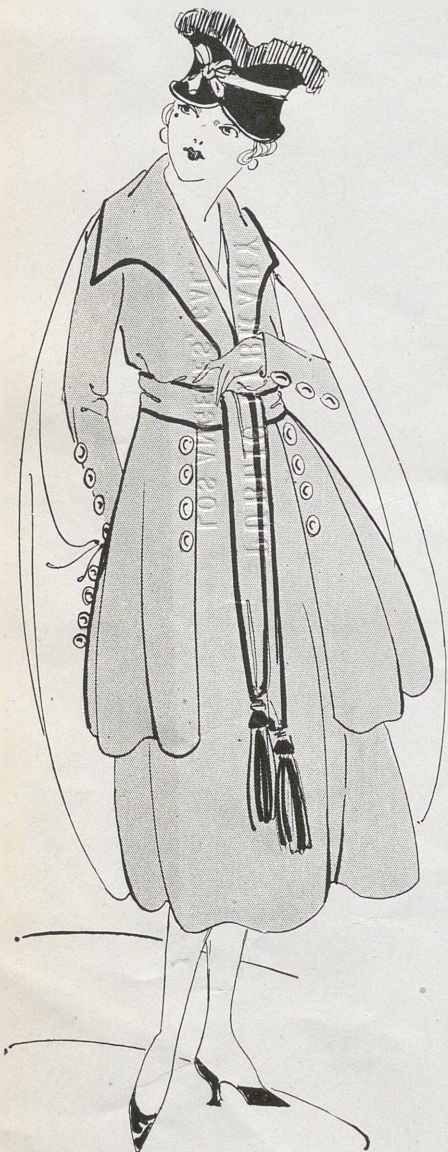
ELEANOR PAINTER

Who has come to be known as the American Patti, and whose absence from the stage has been felt seriously for over a year, is to be seen in a four act comedy, entitled "Pamela", under the management of Oliver Morosco at the Majestic theater tonight. Following her studies and then notable successes in Grand Opera in Europe, Miss Painter returned to this country three years ago to sing the prima donna role in Charles Cuvillier's opera comique, "The Lilac Domino," at the 44th Street Theater, New York, under the direction of Andreas Dippel

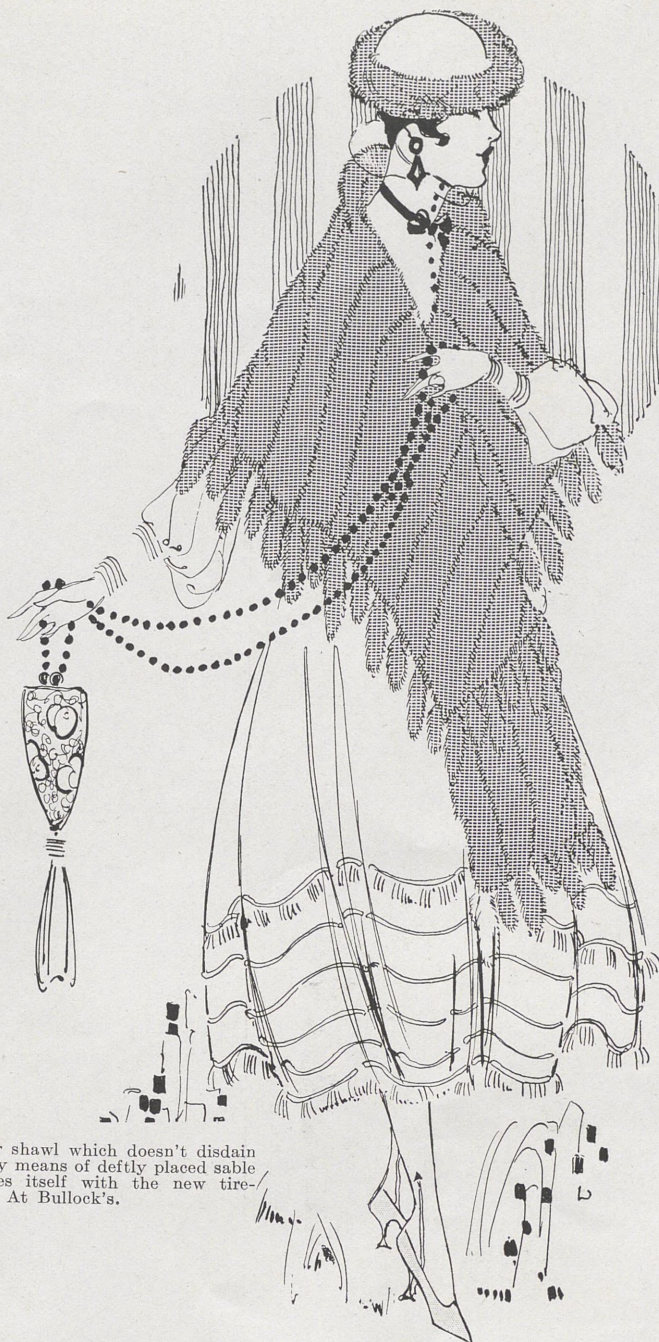
NEW MODES DES



Woman's vanity is not disproven by these exceptional personal trifles from Feagans' & Company. Parisian choice of black hats for dressy wear is applauded by a horseshoe shape spired with burnt peacock. At Blackstone's.



Dashing military suits might conscript the most pacific. This silk lined cape does as it pleases about buttoning to the coat-skirt underneath. The truly feminine brim of the new French tri-corne cannot decide whether to aviate or sub-marine, so does a little of both. Seen at Bullock's.



This rich fur shawl which doesn't disdain to be striped by means of deftly placed sable skins, associates itself with the new tire-brimmed sailor. At Bullock's.

THE reveille of the cape was sounded when the military note reberberated along the ranks of dress. Capes voluminous and much buttoned appear as separate wraps; capes small and multiple do their share toward creating that round-shouldered effect so popular with the younger set; capes thrown resolutely back, almost lose their identity so intent are they upon revealing their inner secrets of flamboyant silken linings, so bent upon exposing to the public view the cut and trimming of coat and skirt beneath. Quite official looking are the long capes of serge, or heavier wool, but those of tulle, chiffon or tissue, could, at most, be but construed as playful mascots of the Army.

The straight silhouette looms more and more line-like upon the Fall horizon, although some of the summer gowns, endowed with fullness by means of insidious plaits, maintain the barrel outline, clinging closely to silken ankles.

Skirts have a way of adhering to bodices by means of big buttons, either manifestly ornamental, or actually button-holed through ingenious tabs. Huge, bound button-holes and slits play an important part in many costumes, scarfs, girdles and pocket laps doing hide and seek under and over these incisions. Slit effects, well enough for the slender figure, should be eschewed by the stout lest they look as though bursting from out their armor.

Svelt indeed must be the form of her who dares the cartridge hem upon the skirt! Positively attenuated she who braves the cartridge tunic, so distending to the hips!

Predictions of lengthened skirts leave the prophets without honor in a country devoted to that brevity which may pass for sartorial wisdom, and is the wit of shoe-makers and manufacturers of silk hosiery. A modicum may be added to the hem of the closely clinging afternoon dress, the merest trifle may accrue unto the straight tailored skirt, but the smartest dance frocks and the more elegant evening gowns pursue, undisturbed, the tenor of their abbreviated way.

Buttons useful, ornamental, wastefully recurrent, defy the metric system upon some of the new suits and coats, and where they march in long, unwavering lines up the seams of skirts and sleeves.

Pockets pout pettishly, hide coyly, are frankly evident, or attempt to prove an alibi by means of seams or belts. So reluctant are pockets to abdicate that even the newly revived one-sided effects in afternoon attire,

CRIED—By Violette Ray



"White gabardine"—was the cool decision of this riding habit, when asked what it would be made of; and as to sleeves, it would have none of them. So it has found favor with all the girls who buy their outing clothes from the B. F. Dyas Company.

yield a point to them, allowing a large pocket upon one side of the skirt.

After the violent eruption of color which rocketed against the sky-line, by way of sports clothes, early in the season, a saner selection has been reached, and many Parisian gowns and suits are positively sombre. Chromatic intemperance still exists in the unrestricted district of mens' scarves and shirts, pajamas and hose, but it is somewhat abated.

Many modistes are ringing in the bell sleeve for dresses, coats, and even suits. Some sleeves are gathering fullness in long folds, and there is imminent danger of a return to the leg o' mutton.

The hobble, which loomed ominously, earlier in the year, is believed to have been dissipated or rendered innocuous, by means of the Turkish skirt and the not over-scant hem band.

The train, long in abeyance, sometimes attaches—like an afterthought—to evening gowns, where it appears as a single long panel, rounded or square cornered, or falling in twin lengths directly at the rear, or at one side, and occasionally at the front of the costume.

The engirdleure of a dress is, often, its salient point; ribbon of amazing richness playing a conspicuous roll.

The re-instatement of lace to favor, was the natural outcome of scarcity, due to so many idle looms; and lace gowns, coats and blouses, will stand well toward the top in the lists of winter wardrobes and for Autumn wear.

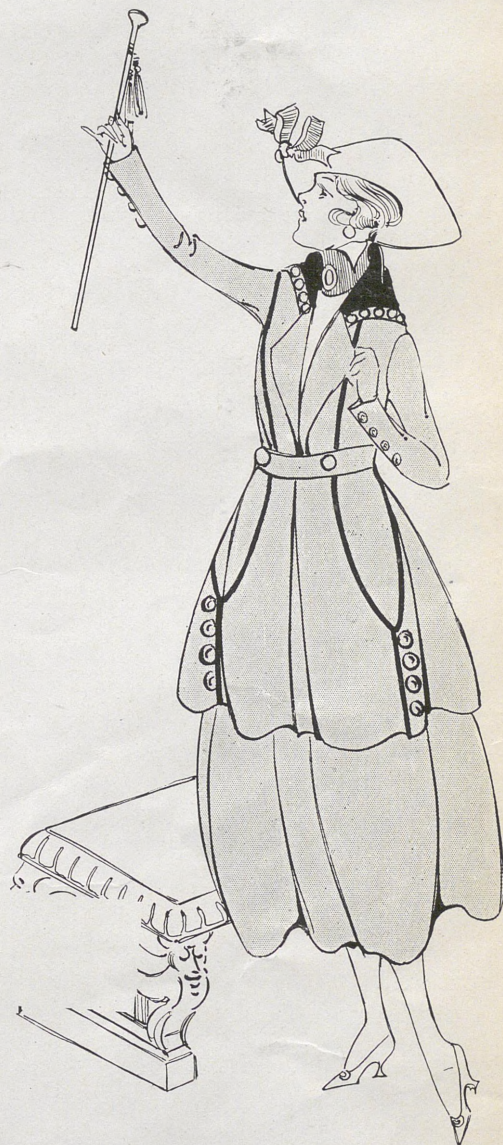
Furs, which have never taken a vacation, even in warmest weather, will be developed in more luxurious ways than ever, during the coming season. The handsome shawl of Russian sable, pictured in these columns, glimpses the luxuriousness of these modish necessities. Built upon lines which happily weld the shoulder cape with the revived dolman, the rich skins are used to form lengthwise stripes from neck to waist line of the rounded shawl or cape, a single superb pelt, forms each of the epaulette-like tops to the simulated sleeve, and many skins are joined in the lengthy panels extending from shoulder front to knee. Innumerable tails and claws become a fringe along the lower edges of these panels and across the back of the shawl. The shape, and finish of this wonderful fur piece are superb. It is lined with white satin, grayed to a soft smoke shade by means of black Georgette. Shown at Bullock's.

The military suit, pictured herewith, is of fine French serge in navy blue, the edges of the coat bound with flat silk braid. The detachable cape,

Continued on page 39

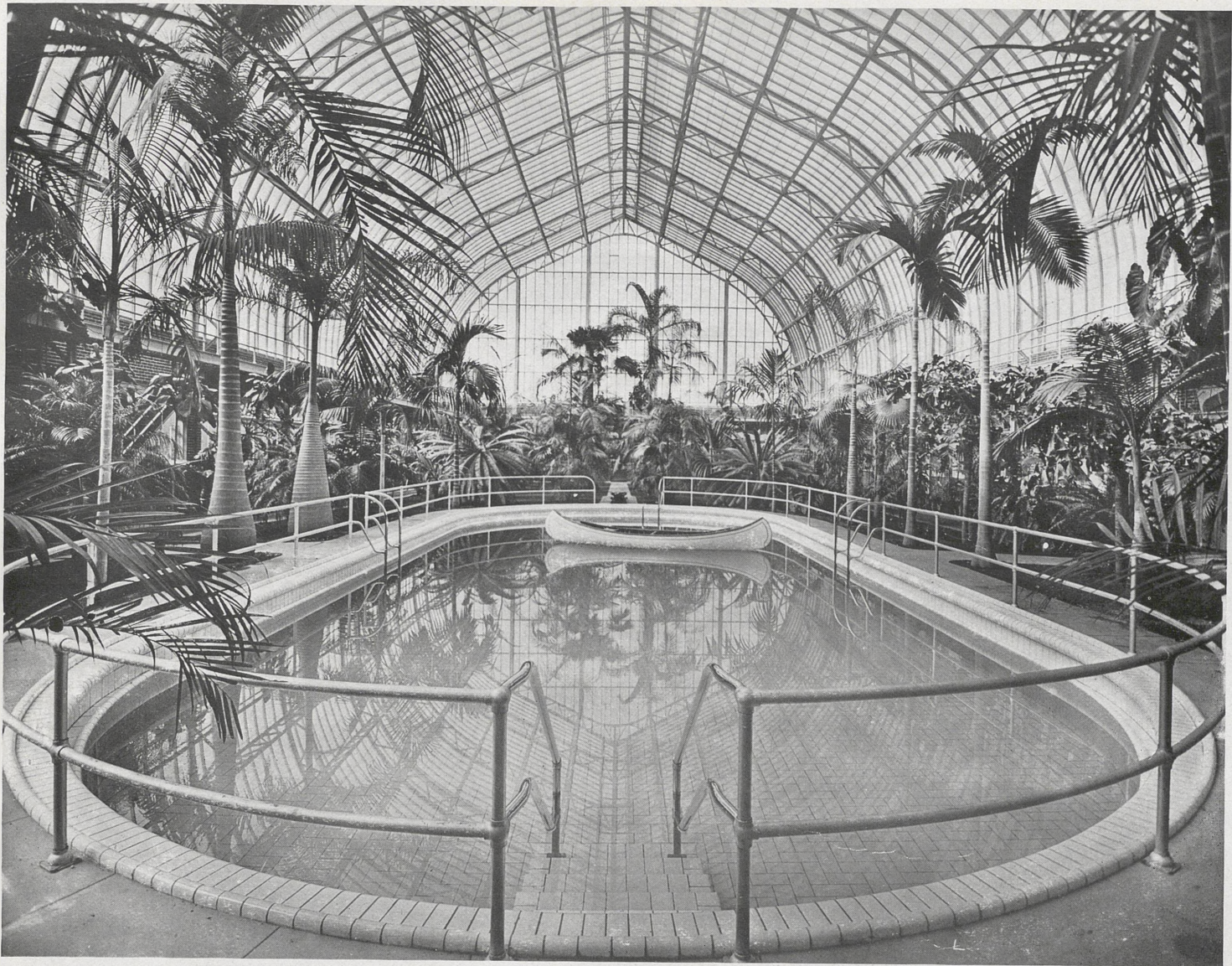


Felt started to be the entire hat, but generously gave way in places to Nile taffeta. So the marigold yellow of the former, folded itself narrowly in a band around the crown to close a bargain with a smart cloth vest. At Desmond's.



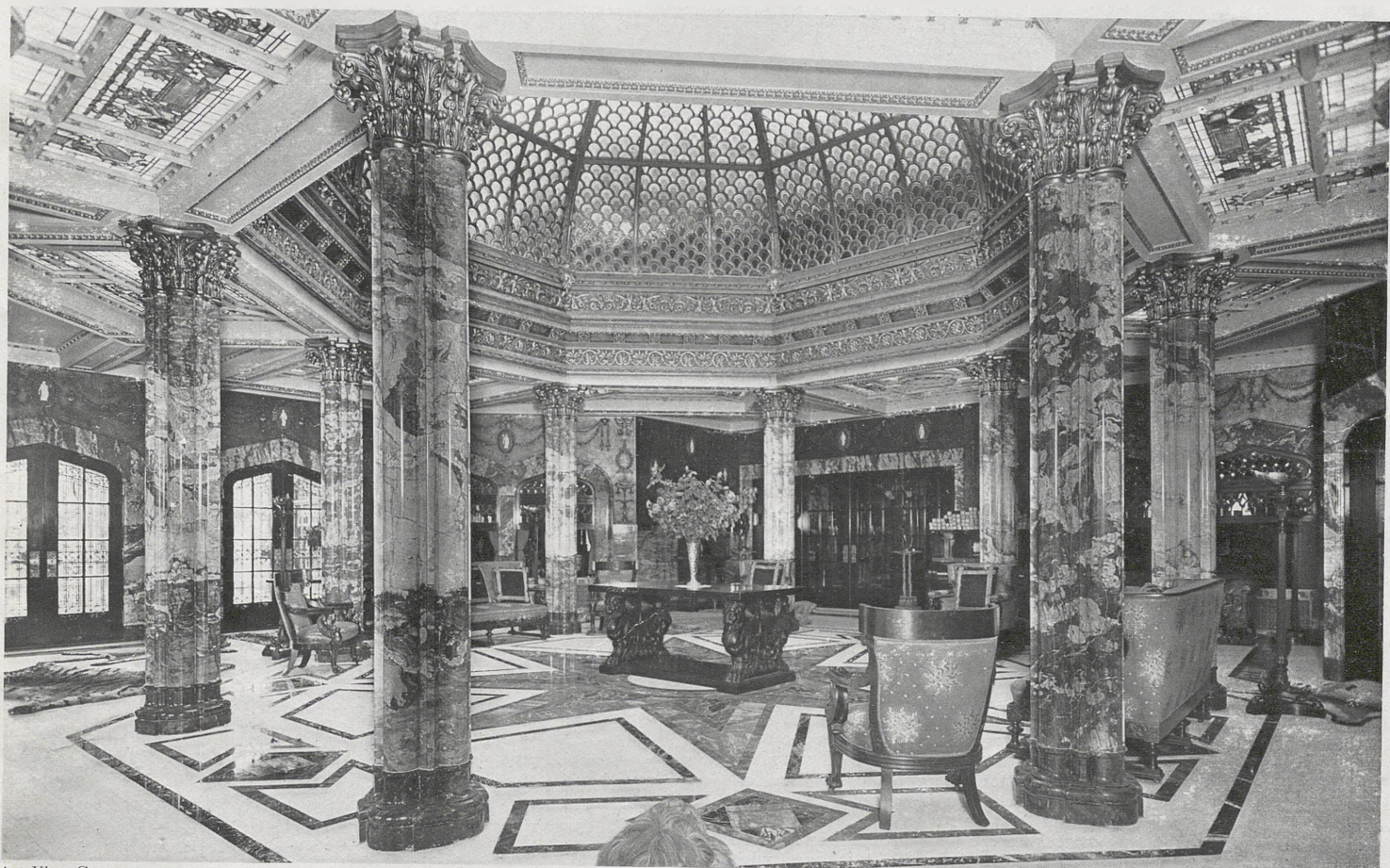
There's no concealing the facts in the case of a well-tailored suit, as proven by this faultless one from Harris & Frank's. "Let's be universal!" chorused the white fabric hats; and they appear in public with all kinds of clothes. Shown by Blackstone's.

REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES — No. I



THE GREAT CONSERVATORY AND ITS PALM COLLECTION

There are swimming pools and swimming pools, but seldom do we find combined this splendid out-of door effect with the temperature of a Roman tepidarium.



Art View Company

THE "POMPEIAN" ROOM

A striking effect is produced by the Sierra marble columns, the floor of vari-colored marble, heraldic devices in stained glass, and the Roman furniture. The centre table is a reproduction in mahogany of a marble piece excavated at Pompeii, and bought by J. P. Morgan.

THE HOUSE OF MR. AND MRS. E. L. DOHENY



ONE OF THE APPROACHES TO EIGHT, CHESTER PLACE

The gardens are famous for their rare plants collected from the interior of Mexico and other tropical lands.



VISTA THROUGH THE HALL

The hall looking toward the music room is a charmingly original combination. It is finished in Gothic natural oak with ceiling painting in the style of Louis XIV.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THERE is one department of public life that man has jealously guarded for his own, feminist movement or no feminist movement. That is the sacred ceremony on the official banquet. Hostesses might be able to give highly successful dinner parties in a strictly amateur capacity, but when it came to an official banquet—that was man's prerogative. Wherefore when the official international banquet to the Belgian Commission was left in the hands of the women in Los Angeles it was an iconoclastic innovation, and, as many epicurean males frankly felt, a dangerous precedent to create. But that banquet was not only a glittering success, replete with good form and distinguished restraint in all particulars, but it was frankly conceded by an Associated Press representative who had sampled banquets galore in every city on the trip as enjoying a subtle "tone and atmosphere", a graciousness and distinction that had not been so obvious anywhere else.

That banquet hall at the Alexandria lent itself to such an occasion, especially after Mrs. A. C. Bilicke had used her influence to get the gaudy chandeliers removed and substituted with huge baskets of hydrangea. The table for the guests of honor went the whole length of the room and delicately fragrant California roses trailed themselves in that studied "careless disarray" which is the science of art. And the shower of rose petals that fell when the Belgian and American flags were unfurled added a pretty little sensation as they fell upon the foreign heroes of the war. Belgium's motto exemplified by the ivy, "Je meure ou m'attacher," was cleverly worked into the scheme of decoration, a fact which was not lost upon the visitors. Mrs. Oliver P. Bryant and Mrs. Mathew Robertson were largely responsible for this charming state of affairs, but the entire committee co-operated so successfully, each taking some special department of the arrangements under her wing. Mrs. A. C. Bilicke, Mrs. John Trainor, Mrs. E. E. Leighton, Mrs. John Lynch, Mrs. Frank Gibson, Mrs. J. Powers Flint, Mrs. Seeley Mudd, Mrs. Fred Wood and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman all played their part in that international triumph in banquet, and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny presented half of the sumptuous floral decorations for the event. So the first international banquet left in the hands of the women has entirely vindicated the sex. They have successfully invaded man's most sacred prerogative.

It is with much interest that friends both here and in Missouri, where the family formerly resided, have heard of the betrothal of Miss Madeline Crowe to Mr. Gerald M. Sullivan, which was announced a few days ago. Miss Crowe is a great favorite in Hollywood and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Crowe of 7087 Hollywood boulevard. Mr. Crowe was former Attorney-General of Missouri. Although no date has yet been set for the wedding a number of charming affairs are being planned in honor of the bride-elect.

Miss Doreen Kavanagh and Miss Kathleen Kavanagh entertained with a buffet dinner last Saturday evening at their home 337 South Serano avenue. At a prettily decorated table places were set for dozen or so guests. After supper the young people accompanied the hostess to the Los Angeles Country Club where they enjoyed dancing. Mrs.

J. C. Kavanagh, mother of the young hostesses, chaperoned the party at the Country Club.

Mrs. Lucile A. Loud, one of Los Angeles' talented musicians, with her daughter, Miss Florence Loud, left Saturday of last week on the Steamship Yale for San Francisco and other northern points. They will visit with Mrs. Loud's sister, Mrs. James Cunningham of Berkley.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of West Twenty-Third street and their niece, Miss Georgia Keen, who has been their house guest for several months, left a few days ago for Andrews Camp, near Bishop, California, where they will pass the midsummer enjoying the outdoor life. Dr. and Mrs. West

Mrs. A. P. Buck, of Crown Hill and her niece Mrs. Charles N. Petseys of 1433 Edgecliff drive. Mrs. Douglas is a well known composer of Hawaiian music.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Fairbanks, of Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, are passing the summer at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hurd, of 777 North Los Robles, Pasadena, are summering at their beach home at Santa Monica, and incidentally have been entertaining extensively. Among their recent guests were Mrs. G. H. Wood, Mrs. Hurd's sister, with her husband and son; and upon another occasion Mr. and Mrs. Ben Whitmore, of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Martin, of San Marino, left Pasadena Sunday for the Hotel Virginia, where they will stay during the remainder of the summer.

An announcement was made recently in Pasadena of the engagement of Miss Jessie McCament, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McCament, of 201 South Marengo Avenue, to Mr. Rex E. Braley, also of Pasadena. Mr. Braley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Braley. At present the groom elect is with the Red Cross Ambulance Corps in Allentown, Pennsylvania, which will leave soon for service in France.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Phillips, formerly of Chicago, are the guests of Mr. M. E. Stanton, of 228 South Marengo Avenue, Pasadena.

The marriage of Miss Marguerita da Silva, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. da Silva, of 272 South Marengo Avenue, Pasadena, to Mr. Carl Lewis Bach, of San Francisco, took place Saturday evening.

Miss Marjorie Hines, daughter of Mrs. Fred Hines, of West Eleventh street, and Miss Eleanor Workman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, man of South Normandie avenue, left yesterday for Catalina where they will visit over the week-end with Miss Mary MacMillan. Miss MacMillan, with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dan MacMillan, and her sister Mrs. Hugo Visscher, and the latter's two small children, are vacationing there for a few weeks.

Del Monte has attracted many guests from Southern California of late. These include Mrs. A. C. Bilicke and her guest Mrs. M. Muers, of New York; and from Pasadena, Miss Nancy Bilicke, Mr. Constant Bilicke, Mr. Archie Bilicke, Mr. Henry Van Arsdale, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Cord, Mr. and Mrs. T. Wallenstein, and their sons, Mrs. J. V. Jones and daughters, Mrs. W. D. Peterson, Miss W. D. Peterson, Miss E. Keeler, and Mr. Edwin D. Peterson. Guests from Los Angeles are Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. George Shugers and daughter, Mr. Frank J. Airey, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. C. D. Lamoree, Mr. E. F. Sells, Mr. K. E. Van Kuran, Mr. C. B. Hall, Mr. D. C. Pence, Mr. L. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Spicer, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Wieton, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Lucey, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Russ. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran and children are having a delightful vacation. Golf every day, with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nevin, and a glorious swim in the wonderful new Roman plunge. Mr. and Mrs. William M. Garland and Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers are here for an indefinite stay.



—Goodale Bigelow

MRS. RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

And her two sons

A Charming and Popular San Diego Trio

Hughes went to this attractive spot for the greater part of last summer.

Mrs. M. Hennion Robinson, the talented pianist who has made a name for herself as an accompanist, entertained a group of friends at a musical tea a few days ago.

Two charming visitors in Los Angeles just now are Miss Alice Potts and Miss Helen Mears of Pennsylvania. These two Eastern girls, both of whom are prominent in their home city are enjoying the delights of Southern California, visiting all the points of interest and near-by Los Angeles.

Mrs. Sallie Hume Douglas has arrived from her home in Honolulu and will enjoy a visit in Los Angeles, being the house guest of both her sister,

J. M. Robinson Co.

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invites you to its
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Summertime Wearables

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For the Great Outdoors!

Apparel especially designed
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Flannel Shirts	Khaki and
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*Travel the world over, select the most
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spots, throw them all into one and you
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HOTEL DEL CORONADO

JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager

¶ Situated that no dust, smoke or disturbing noise can penetrate its sacred precinct—no more perfect atmosphere for quiet repose.

¶ Outdoor sports and amusements on land and water, from Royal Polo, Yachting, Fishing, Swimming, Surf and Indoor Bathing, Motoring and Horse-Back Riding, to things suitable for children down to the tiniest tots.

¶ Hundreds of miles of splendid automobile roads leading from the grounds of the hotel along the beach, around the strand and into the back country, through orange-groves, fertile valleys, and on into the picturesque mountains.

¶ An excellent eighteen-hole Golf Course, and two splendid Tennis Courts are within a few minutes walk of the hotel.

¶ Open air school buildings and play-grounds with competent instructors with courses in Domestic Science, Manual Training, Dancing, and a Kindergarten employing the Montessori System.

¶ The Government Aviation School on North Island is nearby, where flights may be witnessed daily, and nowhere in America can aviation be seen to such advantage.

¶ And just across the Bay is the City of San Diego, with the architecture of the late Exposition standing out against the blue sky.

The Hotel del Coronado is conducted on the American plan. It is located at Coronado Beach, California, and is reached by train from Los Angeles, and by boat from all Coast points. Hotel representatives meet all trains and boats

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SOUTHERN Californians have an enviable choice for their summer excursions and sojourns. On one hand, there are the beautiful haunts of the nearby Sierra Nevada, where rustling trees and cool trout-filled streams make their appeal. And to the west, lies the great restless sea with its swimming, yachting, and other innumerable pleasures. No wonder it is difficult for one to choose. But while half of the population hies itself, with camping outfit, golf sticks, tennis accoutrements, and a stack of "best sellers", mountainward, the other half is motoring with equal zest to the nearby beach resorts. Hermosa, Long Beach, Santa Monica Bay, Balboa, Redondo Beach and Catalina are among the objective points for many vacationists.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Janss, of Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, are among those who have chosen a cottage at Hermosa Beach for the summer months, and are already domiciled there with their children, as are Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten and their little family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barker will pass the remainder of the season at that same beach, as will Mr. and Mrs. James Bennett. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McFarland and their two attractive children, left their home in Oak Knoll, Pasadena, for Hermosa, to join the colony for a few weeks. The Charles Baxters, of Pasadena, with their little son, Philip, plan to pass the month of August at this popular resort.

Santa Monica is one of the most popular rendezvous, particularly among the English set and the old-time residents, who, when Southern California was in the making, used to travel to that beach by the tedious steam-train route for a day on the sands, or a season in somewhat crude camping quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Dudley, the former, once mayor of this seaside city, are again occupying their own home there after having been domiciled at the Darby in Los Angeles during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wailes, with their daughter, Eleanor; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hook, Jr., and children, and the E. P. Morphys form the nucleus of a happy contingent of Los Angeles folk, among whom there is a busy round of vacation diversions, golfing, tennis, moonlight picnics, swimming parties, and other out-of-door sports. Included in this group are Mrs. William K. Thompson and her children, the Montague Wards and their attractive little daughter, Shiela; the McCall girls, Misses Grace and Allison, as well as Mrs. Gilbert Proctor, formerly Miss Joan McCall, whose wedding was a recent society event. Incidentally, Mr. Proctor is among those summoned to join the colors. Mr. and Mrs. Arvin Brown, the latter Miss Freda Maw before her

marriage earlier in the season, are also domiciled at Santa Monica, and among other prominent Los Angeles folk are Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Flowers, and their trio of charming little girls, Marjorie, Frances and Phyllis. Mrs. Thomas Duque and the Misses Helen and Adelaide are also enjoying the beach festivities there.

One of the jolly parties at the beach is occupying the Patterson cottage at Terminal Island, and includes Mrs. M. J. Coulter, Mrs. Lannie Hayes Martin, Mrs. Horace A. Carriel, Miss Madeline Carriel, and Miss Katherine Bedford. Early timers of Los Angeles and other Southern California

the Charles Edwards Lockes and many others to whom the deep sea fishing appeals. Mr. and Mrs. Burton V. Collins of Shatto Place with their daughter, Miss Doris Collins and their son Master Burton, Jr., are among those whom Santa Catalina Island has drawn for a fortnight's sojourn; while Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning will undoubtedly pass a part of their summer outing there. Catalina also offers a pleasant harbor to the many yachting parties and the G. Allan Hancock's palatial cruiser, "The Verlers" is among those which carries its quota of pleasure-seekers to the Island for occasional week-end trips.

At Balboa there are any number of Los Angelenos domiciled for the summer months, and among those occupying cottages are Dr. and Mrs. Frank Barham and their little baby daughter Patricia Ann.

Long Beach is as popular as ever, and at the Virginia any number of familiar faces are in evidence. Mrs. Charles Kemmler, formerly Miss Marguerite Drake, is visiting there with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, and their other daughter, Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber will also be of the family group. Judge and Mrs. Olin Wellborn are sojourning there, and will be joined soon by their daughter, Mrs. Burton Green. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips and their attractive daughter, Miss Lucile Phillips pass a good part of their time at the Virginia also, as do the Fred C. Fairbanks.

Coronado and Redondo Beach have their quota of prominent society folk, the list being too comprehensive to enumerate, while the mountain resorts are luring to their picturesque retreats, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Davis, the George I. Cochran, the Russell McD. Taylors, the John Milners, and hosts of others.

Motor trips are as popular as in last season, and quite a majority of Los Angeles' prominent society folk are planning

the shorter week-end vacations, varying their summer outings by visits both to mountains and sea.

An interesting wedding celebrated Wednesday of this week, was that of Miss Helen Ann Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Wright of Hollywood and Mr. Eugene Spearman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spearman. The ceremony was held in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, with the Rev. Father John Hayes, S. J., officiating. The bridal party included the bride's two sisters, Miss Janet Wright, maid of honor, and Miss Mary Frances Wright, as flower girl. Mr. Frank Hamilton Spearman, Jr., served his brother as best man. Following the marriage service the bridal party and members of the two families motored to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where a wedding breakfast was served.



Mojonier

MISS ROSEMARY ROLLINS

Home for the summer from an eastern college, She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, of Los Angeles

points, will undoubtedly recall when, not so many years ago Terminal Island was the correct rendezvous for all the smart set during the summer season. The Pattersons, the H. M. Sales, the Frank Kelseys, the Ferd K. Rules, the Modini Woods, the Silents, the Milners, the Mullins, the Hugh MacNeils, the Laubersheimers, the J. A. Graves, the Waterhouses of Pasadena, and many other folk maintained attractive summer cottages down there, where house parties were quite the thing.

No matter where else they go for their pleasure trips nowadays, there are many who never feel that their vacation is complete without a trip across the channel to this picturesque Island. Among those who will pass this summer there are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Banning,



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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

AMONG those who hold a fateful number in the military draft are Maurice McLaughlin, the former national tennis champion, who may be depended upon to do a little "volleying" against the Kaiser. Other tennis luminaries who will take part in the international game abroad are Forrest Cornett, who was married just last week; Herbert Hahn, and James Conaty. From the golf links to the battlefields will go Scotty Armstrong, Larry Cowing, former state amateur golf champion; C. H. Palmer, Jr., Arthur Letts, Jr. and Norman Jack. Grid-iron stars and others who have won fame on track and field will join the local warriors. Screen heroes have been called to become war heroes, also, and among the best known of these, probably, is Wallace Reid, who by reason of a wife and young baby may have to be content to appear in the former role. Charles Ray, is also chosen to become a fighting man in real earnest. Then from the ranks of society, many of the most popular bachelors and benedicts have been drawn. Louis Cass, Louis H. Tolhurst, Roy C. Seeley, Asa Call, Wells Morris, Donald Dawson, Alfred Wright, Wayne Fisher, Sherwood Kinney, Glen Behymer and Gilbert Proctor of Santa Monica, all of whom are benedicts. The latter only a few weeks ago married Miss Joan McCall of Santa Monica. Louis Cass, it will be remembered, married Miss Virginia Nourse about two years ago, while Louis Tolhurst claimed for his bride not long before that Miss Jane Rollins, daughter of the Hamilton Bowman Rollins. Asa Call quite recently joined the ranks of the benedicts and his marriage to Miss Margaret Fleming was a brilliant society event. Wells Morris a short season ago married Miss Anita Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Alfred Wright's attractive wife was formerly Miss Marie Bobrick. Donald Dawson's marriage to Miss Georgia Johnson was a recent event of social interest, while Wayne Fisher's bride of about a year, was Miss Lucile Bartlett. Then there are the bachelors, Blake Smith, Allen Archer, Frank Gilcrest, William Reis, Secundo Guasti, Jr., and a score of others including Dr. Earl Egbert Moody whose engagement to Miss Elsa Behymer was announced only last week.

Many of the young men, married, single, engaged and unengaged, "beat" Uncle Sam to it and are already on duty "somewhere". Paul Nourse, whose marriage to Miss Kargaret Erickson took place not long ago, and Harold Rider, both were drafted, but before their names were drawn they had rallied to the colors. Andrew Baldwin, whose marriage last week to Miss Jane Richardson was a brilliant event, is among the volunteers, while among those who early in the conflict left in answer to the call, are Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr., Morgan Adams, Dr. Archibald C. Macleish, Hancock Banning, Jr., George Hugh Banning, Phillip Sterry, Ivan Kahn, Nelson Taylor, Joseph Banning, Herman Henneberger and scores of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Mitchell, whose marriage a fortnight ago was a surprise to their friends, have returned from their wedding trip to Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Mitchell, before her marriage was Mrs. N. M. Van Brunt, of Venice.

Miss Mary C. Kendrick has returned to her home in St. Andrews place after a delightful three

months' visit in Woodland and San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Bowers and the latter's mother, Mrs. Alena Wolgamot of 636 South Bonnie Brae street are entertaining as house guests Mr. and Mrs. Pryor Smith and son, Mr. Haswell Smith of Wichita, Kansas. The two families are enjoying a week at Catalina. Mrs. Smith is a sister of Mrs. Bowers.

Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews, the well known dramatist, was the house guest for a fortnight of Mrs. William Irving Warner and her daughter, Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison of 866 West Washington. These charming hostesses had planned several affairs in honor of their talented visitor, which had to be postponed, Mrs. Andrews leaving rather unex-

Dorothy Anne Powell, daughter of Mrs. Louise Powell, of 700 West Twenty-eight street. Miss Powell has just returned from Miss Semple's school in New York. Miss Johnson, who recently came back from Coronado, where she was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Griffiss, left Wednesday for Coronado to complete her visit.

The first of a series of Friday affairs will be given by the Red Cross Auxiliary of the Friday Morning Club, August 3, when the members of the committee Mrs. Edward Simons, Mrs. N. N. Goodwin, Mrs. Judson Mitchell, and Mrs. Berthold Baruch, will entertain at a card party and dance afternoon and evening. Mrs. Baruch will be hostess of the afternoon and will be assisted in receiving by Mesdames Arthur F. Goodwin, R. R. Beamish, Arthur Weir, Hector Zahn, E. R. Parmalee, Bessie Snellyon, Myra Belle Miller, and F. E. Allen. Hostesses of the evening will be Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. N. Lafon Brinker, Mrs. Frank Desmond, Mrs. Edward J. Cannon, Mrs. F. E. Larkin. Among those to entertain at the dance are Misses Gertrude Orcutt, Louise Westbrook, Kathleen Bering, Anna Emmons, and Helen Whipple.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, enjoyed the week end at Hotel del Coronado, motoring down Friday. They were accompanied by their three sons, Edgar B., John B. Jr., and Morris Miller, and their small daughter, Carita Miller. Sunday afternoon Miss Kathryn Meigs and Miss Katherine Richards entertained at tea at the Coronado Country Club, honoring the visitors. Other guests include Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Chase, and Mrs. L. C. Bertollette of Coronado, Mrs. Albert Fink and Miss Eleanor Fink of Chicago, Lieut. Reuben L. Walker U. S. N., Matthias Evens Manly U. S. N., Gerald Cudahy, and George Chessman.

Motoring down from Los Angeles for the week end at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. Dan Murphy and Miss Sue Sinnott, Mr. Murphy's Sister-in-law. Mrs. John G. Mossin, and Mrs. Murphy's house guest Miss Jane Peaterson of New York city. Miss Peaterson is a talented artist and did some bits of sketching about San Diego and Coronado, obtaining choice scenes about the Army camp at Balboa Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Otheman Stevens, who are visiting the principal watering places on the coast, passed several days at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. J. E. Betzold, mother of Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny of Chester Place, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Hoffman, Miss Mary Mac Millan of Los Angeles, Miss Edna Reap and Miss Helen Reap of Omaha, and Miss May Moon of New York City, motored down to Hotel del Coronado, Saturday afternoon, remaining for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun, and their attractive young daughter Miss June Braun, are recent guests at Hotel del Coronado, arriving Friday, July 20. They are planning an indefinite sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Samuel Hyter of Los Angeles are passing their honeymoon at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. Hyter, it will be remembered, was Miss Ethelwyn Gertrude Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Walker.

Guests from Los Angeles, who have recently arrived at Hotel del Coronado, are Mr. and Mrs.



Witzel

MISS DOROTHY JONES

Radcliffe college girl, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones of Los Angeles, now home for the summer vacation

pectedly for the east to join her husband, Mr. Fred G. Andrews at the Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, for the summer.

Mrs. Paul Ridley of 321 Westminster avenue with her daughter, Miss Ethel, accompanied by Mrs. Frederick G. Meyer of New York City, are passing a month at Keen Camp, in the San Jacinto mountains. The party plan to enjoy all the sports of camp life while away and upon their return here they will at once go to the beach where Mrs. Ridley has taken a cottage for the season.

Later the Murphys plan to go to their camp near Monterey.

Miss Margaret Johnson, daughter of Mrs. E. P. Johnson of West twenty-eight street, and Miss Rosa Lee Wilcox, were hostesses Tuesday afternoon entertaining with a garden tea at the home of the former. The affair was a compliment to Miss

THE GOLF AUTOCRAT

By BECKY SHARP

I approached the golf autocrat with due awe and trepidation. He received me with due hauteur and condescension. Mr. Edward B. Tufts, President of the State and Southern California Golf Associations, and official handicapper whose word is final, holds armies of lordly golfers in proper subjection. Woe betide the audacious golfer who would dispute his ruling.

Would he condescend to write his reminiscences of golf in these climes? I suspect Ed. Tufts of having suffered dreams of authorship. He had an air of seeing the expected happen. Literary distinction would be his by right. So he promised to dash off a couple of thousand words and gave me his blessing. That was on a fateful Monday. On Tuesday I meekly looked in for the M. S. The golf autocrat looked almost thin and haggard. He was snorting feverishly, he groaned at dismal intervals, he glared at me for a designing enemy. What was this thing I had tried to put upon him? Three stenographers were in hysterics and his staff wore an air of affrighted terror. Five hundred cigarettes, half chewed, had been wrathfully flung aside. Reams of paper scattered the sanctuary. And beads of wrathful misery glistened on the autocratic forehead. The golf czar was face to face with a problem he could not settle. How the devil did these writing people get the damn thing into type?—frustrated glory jeered at him. Words, words, mere common words, which roll from his witty and caustic tongue with such gay finesse, utterly refused to become anything but dead and dismal on those typewritten sheets. It is almost a news item that demands banner lines in the newspapers—the golf autocrat impotent to transfer his wit and breezy satire into type!

"It will have twice the interest if you write it yourself" I murmured soothingly. "We are depending upon it to double the circulation of the special number". But flattery failed its tender mission. He bit my head off and roared—as great lions do. But he is no quitter. The next day we should have that story.

Oh, the tragedy of a great soul in anguish! The majestic woe that confronted me when I returned on Friday! The mountain in travail had produced a mouse. About four hundred words of composition gazed at me weakly from a quarto sheet that trembled in its bitterness. I gathered it up and crept quietly away.

Oh, the pity of it! For Ed. Tufts can keep whole rooms full of men enchanted when he gets in reminiscent mood about California golf. His terse wit and piquant satirical criticisms of his confreres keep them in gales of laughter. He knows every golfer in the state, having grown up with California golf from the very beginning. To hear him tell with what pride they formed that first stylish Los Angeles Country Club and acquired sixteen acres—sixteen lordly acres!—of land at Pico and Alvarado Streets, which was then right out in the country, and laid out their first course with hope and inspiration. To hear him recall that romantic little clubhouse—a disused windmill—he ought to have been able to write two thousand words about that alone.

And the first president of that club who had brought golf to Southern California—Walter Grindley, with a paralyzed arm, who played with his club fitted to a contrivance. And Conde Jones, now the fashionable Middican, was the first secretary—many an old cup bears witness to his past prowess. The executive committee in that far off November of 1897 consisted of Ed. Tufts, Fred W. Flint, Jr. and J. A. W. Off.

And the wild excitement of their first invitation tournament. Tufts has a copy of the invitation which was sent out. It bears the names of B. W. Lee, M. S. Severance, Arthur Schumacher, Henry S. Van Dyke, S. W. Vale, Nat Wilshire, Arthur Braly, Hugh May, Joseph F. Sartori, Judge Charles Munroe, J. W. Walters, Burton E. Green, Frank Forrester, Gregory Perkins, Criss Henne, C. C. Carpenter, Carroll Allen and W. G. Wilshire. And nearly

all of them are still living to enjoy the great metamorphosis that has taken place, to see the big palatial Los Angeles Country Club that now stands majestic at Beverly. Only Walter Grindley, Nat Wilshire and Hugh May have passed away.

That first tournament was on December 18th, 1897. What a day it must have been! That sixteen-acre course seemed the most wonderful thing that had happened. Ed. Tufts has some old pictures of those days. How pretty some of the women golfers were. There is one of Bertha Chase before she was married to the late Martin Chase—never was maiden more lovely. And Mrs. Edward Tufts was one of the loveliest girls in town. Edward was to be envied indeed. Twenty years ago! There is one group picture that shows so many of our big men now in the days when their fame had yet to

come. What a jolly carefree bunch they look. Ed. Tufts loves to tell of their early addiction to golf. Some of them have become golf fiends indeed, firm in the siren's toils. But others, like Joseph Sartori, have kept golf in its place. Only three years ago Joseph Sartori, persuaded to take part in a tournament, stood in anguish over a pellet on the green and declared he would give a million dollars to be sure he could hole it.

They soon outgrew that merry windmill. Eighteen months later they moved farther out to a district that is called Country Club Park to this day, although in 1911, the club again moved to its present magnificent site. Not sixteen acres this time, but several hundred acres, and the course risen to championship distinction.

Most of our champions are new now. One of the leaders of those days was Walter Cosby who won laurels in a stylish event with an 87! That was in the days of Colonel Bogey, a gentleman who has become sadly *demode* since par was invented. We are getting so scientific.

I believe some of those original golfers occasionally sigh for the good old days, when the clubhouse was not quite so gorgeous, when a single waiter seemed a luxury, when one could lounge around in shirt sleeves, and golf breeches were unknown. When even suspenders were quite *de rigueur*, and belts regarded as a bit effeminate.

Judge Frederickson is one of those who has held his own. He won championships in those old days, and he often wins them still. Norman Macbeth came to startle the natives with his exquisite Scotch form nearly nine years ago—but he is still regarded as a newcomer by many of those old-timers. Charles E. Orr was another of those past champions—Charlie Orr, still a bachelor, but not quite such a dashing golfer as he was. He and W. H. Young, now of Santa Monica, snatched the championships from each other in those days. Then there was R. D. Osburn of Riverside, still one of our best veteran players. And Charles E. Maude, then of Riverside, now of Del Monte, who holds his own yet in the first three rounds of a State championship. In the interval he has married the wealthy widow, Mrs. La Montaigne and, settled down. But oh, he was one of the gay beaux then.

Mrs. T. H. Dudley was the arch-patroness then, she could always be relied upon to see that the teas were entirely *recherche*. And Mrs. H. W. Vale, Mrs. George L. Waring and Mrs. Sartori were devoted players and all highly good looking if the old accounts of the game in the local newspapers, with their quaint pictures, are any evidence. Ed. Tufts, who was chairman of the greens committee—a position that he seems to hold for life—has kept a wonderful scrap book with all those old cuttings which bring sentimental memories to many of the old-timers who drop in on "Uncle Ed." for a reminiscing afternoon.

Ed. Tufts enjoys a unique position in golf realms. He bosses everybody, settles all disputes arbitrarily, tells home-truths with pungent but utterly good-humored forcefulness, and is recognized as the autocrat quite as much at Del Monte as he is down south. The golfers have found it highly satisfactory



ED. TUFTS

Undisputed Monarch of Many Acres
of California Golf Greens

(Continued on page 39)

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"O for a Booke and a Shadie Nooke,
Eyther in a doore or out,
With the greene leaves whisp'ring overheade,
Or the Streete cryes all about,
Wher I may Reade all at my ease,
Both of the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke, wheron to looke,
Is better to me than golde"—

Doesn't your heart just sing that musical old bit these rather torrid days, in this season of troublesome times? And is there anything which brings the "Peace which passeth all understanding" quite like a "jollie goode booke"? More than ever before methinks we should be thankful for books.

MR. Vance Thompson, whose last book "Woman" has provoked considerable discussion, is now sojourning among us here in the Golden West, and realizing that our book public would be on tiptoe to know something of the "Facts and fads" of this famous man I made several brave attempts to secure an interview, but like most really important people, Mr. Thompson fairly flees from anything which might spell the "Press". However, being both persistent and persuasive I finally secured the kindly ear of Mrs. Thompson and together we "saved the day". Here is what Mrs. Thompson really thinks of her husband, and I am reproducing the "interview" just exactly as she sent it to me:

GRAY ARCHES, HOLLYWOOD.

My dear Miss Neely:—

As it is utterly impossible to get Mr. Thompson to talk of himself, his books, or his private life, I shall be obliged to do it for him, or disappoint you in sending the information you wish for. I have quite a little joke I occasionally play on my husband, and that is to wager with some one present, that I can make him leave the room. To do this I have only to begin speaking of one of his books, and immediately he will find he needs some cigarettes, or a pipe, quite in another part of the house. Off he goes, until he thinks I have finished my discussion about him. This is not a pose. He simply is one of the most modest men as regards himself I have ever met. He claims it is better to be known by one's work, and that an author's personal affairs have no interest for his readers. Now as neither you nor I agree with him there, I shall tell you a few things that I shall be scolded for, you may be sure.

Mr. Thompson has lived in Paris for many many years. We went over there immediately after we were married, and owing to the success of his book "French Portraits", (being an appreciation of the Young Writers of France,) we found ourselves at once the centre of a most delightful literary circle. We first lived in a charming old house that had belonged to the poet Boileau; afterwards Mr. Thompson bought a home in the historic Villa Montmorency near the Bois de Boulogne, where we lived until we returned to America about five years ago. While in France Mr. Thompson wrote most of his books. I am going to give you a list of them as I know you will be interested to have it:

French Portraits,
Diplomatic Mysteries,
Killing the Mandarin (a novel)
Life of Ethelbert Nevin
The Ego Book
Take it From Me
Eat and Grow Thin
Drink and Be Sober
Woman
Verse by Vance Thompson
The Dresden Shepherdess (a pantomime)
Floriana's Dream (a pantomime, Music by Ethelbert Nevin)
In Old Japan (a tragic pantomime, produced in New York by Pilat Morin, the French Actress.)

Before giving his life to books, Mr. Thompson went through the grind of critical, dramatic and musical work in connection with various New York newspapers. He then built up a reputation in connection with the leading

magazines of America for fiction, verse and special articles. For several years now he has only written books.

Just before the war broke out we came to California and we are now residents of Hollywood, where Mr. Thompson has built a charming little home, quite Spanish, in architecture and in every way an ideal home for us both. Here he expects to stay until peace is declared, when we shall go to Switzerland, where he has some important work laid out. Meanwhile I can assure you we are both happy to be here. In conclusion I can only say we are a very quiet and studious little family of two, plus one little French Butterfly dog, which we brought from Paris. Mr. Thompson is a very domestic, reserved and shy man. He has never had to struggle for fame and success. He was born under a very lucky star, and from his very first entrance into the literary world at the age of twenty-one his work has been appreciated and widely read. He graduated at Princeton at the age of twenty, was class poet and later went through the University of Jena, in Germany. His father is Dr. Charles L. Thompson, the famous preacher; for many years pastor of the Madison Avenue Church in New York. Mr. Thompson comes from a long line of noted speakers and writers; and father and likewise grandfather were Princeton men. I hope this will give you a little idea of Vance Thompson as a writer and man; as a husband I can only say he is perfect. But then perhaps I am prejudiced in his favor.

Cordially yours,

MRS. VANCE THOMPSON.



VANCE THOMPSON

Whose Book, "Woman," has Stimulated
Feminist Discussion

JAMES Whitcomb Riley has gone from us and his place will probably remain unfilled until the end of time, for, "take him all for all, we shall not look upon his like again", but much of the wholesome atmosphere, and close human touch of Riley's work will be found in a book of poems called "A Heap O' Livin'" by Edgar A. Guest. There is nothing in the verse of Mr. Guest, which may be styled remarkable, save the everyday naturalness and truth; nothing which suggests the ultra, for it is quite understandable. True there are platitudes a-plenty, but humor, pathos and philosophy are happily blended throughout the book, and sweetness and simplicity is the keynote of the poems. The one partially quoted below is delightfully done and it alone will make one want to know "A Heap O' Livin'" published by Reilly & Britton Co.

James Whitcomb Riley

Written July 22, 1916, when the world lost its "Poet of Childhood".

"There must be great rejoicin' on the Golden Shore today,
An' the big an' little angels must be feelin' mighty gay:
Could we look beyond the curtain now I fancy we should see
Old Aunt Mary waitin', smilin', for the coming that's to be,
An' Little Orphan Annie an' the whole excited pack
Dancin' up an' down an' shoutin' 'Mr. Riley's comin' back!'"

There's a heap o' real sadness in this good old world today;
There are lumpy throats this morning now that Riley's gone away;
There's a voice now stilled forever that in sweetness only spoke
An' whispered words of courage with a faith that never broke.
There is much of joy and laughter that we mortals here will lack,
But the angels must be happy now that Riley's comin' back."

WE have all been discovering for quite these many moons that there is so much which may be done for our brave boys besides knitting socks and sewing shirts, but one of the very kindest and most practical ideas for real help emanates from the publishing house of Lippincott, which institution by the way, is one of the reasons for Philadelphia. They have compiled a small volume entitled "The Soldier's English and French Conversation Book," and not only does it give many hundreds of words and phrases likely to be of use to the soldier, but the correct pronunciation for each word. Unquestionably this little book will be indispensable to the fighting man who finds himself "Somewhere in France". Hearty hand-shakes and cheerful grins are helped wonderfully by a bit of idiom.

(Continued on page 42)



RIBBON ENGRAVING

FROM a few feet away, you are certain that you view a fine engraving. Only upon close inspection are you convinced that the entire picture is woven—is actually a ribbon.

Framed in black, with a narrow rim of silver, this marvelous ribbon picture, is displayed in the ribbon section at Bullock's where it serves to prove the possibilities in ribbon-weaving.

Such work is accomplished in a manner similar to that of the piano-player, the pattern being perforated upon heavy card-board whence it is worked out by the loom. The picture is 23x12 inches in size. The picture depicts His First Catch. A lad having baited his first fish is exhibiting it to his mother and the family group. The expressions upon all faces, are extremely well portrayed, as are the details of the landscape,

the perspective in this picture being especially fine.

Another subject "The Fencing Master," from an old French painting in oil, is treated with minute detail. Two sprightly young women are handling the foils, under the guiding eye of the Fencing Master, who rests his not inconsiderable weight upon the hilt of a bending sword. A number of young women pupils await their turn, watching meanwhile the feats of the performers. The setting is that of an ancient manorial hall. The lacery upon the master's velvet coat, the trimming of the ladies gowns, even the warp and woof of the fabrics in their clothing, all are brought out plainly in the black and white, with intermediary shades, woven on the Jacquard loom of a noted factory in France.

THE LOW ROAD

Corbin Corbin, son of Mrs. Balguy of Santa Monica, is the real thing in patriots. He is only about 22 years of age, but on his past naval training, he felt he should be eligible for the short course necessary to become a naval officer. He duly applied to Washington, and the papers for the long four-year course were sent him by mistake. The usual red tape required to make the change promised a long and irritating delay; so the boy set forth for San Pedro, and enlisted as a common sailor, preferring to "make good" by the longer harder road. All Santa Monica is proud of him. When visitors are being taken past his mother's house, so gaily hung with all the allied flags, Santa Monicans never fail to tell of Corbin's devotion to patriotism.



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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

THE CHICAGO Society of American musicians is inaugurating a plan for promoting the works of American composers, and in this connection is asking composers to submit their work for inspection; if acceptable, it will use its influence with music publishers to have the works published, and with conductors to have them performed.

Only compositions that are still in manuscript may be submitted, and American composers are invited to send manuscript copies of the above mentioned works to the Society, "inclosing to the secretary the sum of one dollar to cover return carriage and clerical expense."

But Los Angeles is not behind-hand in activity for an American composers club has been formed here, the organizer and president of which is James W. Pierce. It has had several meetings and has performed a number of local works. Here are some of its requirements and intents:

Composers of music, only, are eligible to membership; twelve meetings are held each year for the presentation of members' works; a directory will be published each year, classified according to composers; a quarterly bulletin will be issued by the club and sent to every musical club in America; programs of the club and list of new members will be mentioned therein; cash prizes for varied musical works will be offered frequently; manuscripts showing unusual merit will either be published by the club or recommendation of the same will be made to some reputable music publisher; an advisory board for the purpose of offering suggestions to meet the problems that confront the unknown composer is an added advantage. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time, and members have the privilege of asking questions relative to their works.

The intent of these clubs is good. Their greatest offense would be in making the thousands of persons who discover they can sling notes together, think they are "composers"; their greatest opportunity is to advise the very large majority to study harmony and composition, of the rules of which they are generally ignorant.

For instance, through my hands there went a piece of music by one of the prominent "composers" in this part of the world and in the very first measure was a serious error in the simplest feature of musical construction, which a student in the first three months of musical study ought not to have made.

This is not a rare instance, but a common one. Was it Voltaire who said, "what it too foolish to be said may be sung"? Nowadays, people think a person who hasn't education enough to write English, may write music.

If these clubs will have their meetings with closed doors and windows, the members performing their mystic rites for each other, and not carrying their attempts into public hearing or public print—well and good; especially if they employ a competent censor or critic, and abide by his advice to study five years before they attempt publicity, and even after that to have another examination to see whether they have anything of originality or value to say.

One who does not visit the "popular" music store, or read the advertisements of the would-be "popular" music, or who does not know the quantity of decompositions submitted to publishers, can have no idea of the inanities submitted for print.

And there is no way of keeping them out. Just as there are book publishers who will publish anything, so long as the author pays the bills, and the books are not debarred from the mails, so there are music publishers who will print any musical monstrosity the "composer" will pay for. So the fact that a piece is published is no guarantee of its having passed the criticism of a publisher's expert.

THE intent of these societies is good; to bring to light works of much worth; which the standard publishers will not print because the author is unknown.

As a matter of fact, any publisher will gladly publish work which will sell from 500 to 1,000 copies a year. He gambles on his judgment. He is as anxious to publish things that sell, as the composer is to write them. But if he is to continue his business—the works *must sell*. He is not there as a dumping ground of great expectations.

When a work has "the divine spark", the probability is that some publisher will recognize it. But being written according to rule does not necessarily warrant publication. The composition may have nothing fresh or vivid in musical idea—may be full of lady-like commonplace.

Mendelssohn-and-water is a combination that has been served up for many years.



JEROME UHL

Baritone, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company and a very delightful singer, now in Los Angeles

WHO says that musical editors are jealous, or that they will not award praise when due a brother editor? Just read this, Alfred Metzger, editor of the Pacific Coast Musical Review, concerning the editor of the Pacific Coast Musician:

"At the convention of the Music Teachers Association, in Sacramento, Tuesday morning, Frank H. Colby of Los Angeles, gave a delightful organ recital at the German Lutheran Church. Mr. Colby, who is not only a fine organist but also the able editor of the Pacific Coast Musician, rendered his program in a manner that revealed splendid musicianship, and a thorough knowledge of the artistry to be obtained from an adequate mastery of the organ."

AND here is a rather good one by the same writer concerning Impressario Behymer's gustatory indiscretions at the banquet of the association, where Mr. Behymer was suddenly taken sick, and a physician had to be summoned.

"The first question put by the physician was: 'When did you first feel symptoms of indisposition?' and Mr. Behymer solemnly declared: 'During Sir Henry Heyman's speech.'

Doctor: 'Was there anything else that might have contributed to your physical delinquency?'

Answer: 'Yes, I drank too much ice water.'

Question: 'In what proportion do you think these two causes affected your health?' Answer: 'I should think the percentage was about fifty-fifty.'

Question: 'Do you wish to pay me in advance or shall I send the bill?' Answer: 'How much?'

Question: 'Will ten dollars be too much?' Answer (very quickly): 'No' After a short pause, Mr. Behymer continued: 'Under the circumstances, I think it would be wise to send Sir Henry Heyman half of this bill, and I shall be glad to take it out in violin lessons.' Mr. Behymer recovered sufficiently to be able to leave on the midnight train for Reno."

AND now there is a new movement for American opera—opera in English, both words and music by Americans, to be sung by American artists. At last the movement is again started through the formation of a national committee on organization, with Reginald de Koven as its chairman.

It is said that ample financial backing has been secured, an opera corporation with a subscribed capital of \$250,000, is contemplated. Substantial business men stand behind it. It is stated that J. Pierpont Morgan, Otto H. Kahn and Clarence H. Mackay have subscribed \$5,000 each, toward the project, and through its other affiliations some of the largest social and business organizations throughout the country may assist.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Rindge, of Kingsley Drive, are passing a fortnight at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. James T. Fisher, of 539 Virgil avenue, with their two little daughters, Josephine and Katherine, will pass a month at Huntington Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Orcutt, of South Mariposa avenue, were among those lured to the beach over last weekend, enjoying the sea breezes at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach. They had with them as their guest, Mr. Fred J. Toole.

Mrs. Carey, of Seattle, is the house guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Stanton of 340 Arden boulevard, and will enjoy a visit of several weeks here.

Miss Rebecca Borrodaile, of Albuquerque, is one of the charming visitors here just now, and is the motif for many delightfully informal affairs. Miss Borrodaile is here to attend the marriage of Miss Virginia Platt, and is to be one of the bridesmaids, the two girls being school chums having graduating together from the Girl's Collegiate school here. And apropos of the wedding, Miss Platt has used the woman's prerogative, i. e., that of changing her mind, and has set forward the date of her marriage, which was scheduled for Monday, August 10 to Monday, August 3. The whyness of the wherefore of this change is most interesting. Among the many accomplishments possessed by this attractive girl, she is one of the successful women ranchers, managing her fruit ranch with all the enthusiasm that characterized her career while in school. And it is said she has a ranch that would make many an old time rancher green with envy if they should see it. Miss Platt, in changing the date for her marriage, considered the ripening of her peach crop, which will be ready to market soon after the newer wedding date. Miss Platt is the daughter of Mr. Howard V. Platt, vice president of the Salt Lake railway, and manager of the Oregon Short line. She is to marry Mr. Louis Granger. The Platts have a most attractive home in Laurel Canyon, and it is there the wedding is to take place.

One of the interesting weddings set for August is that of Miss Kathleen Clendennon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William I. Clendennon to Mr. Harry Waldron Michael, which will take place Tuesday, August 14, at the Church of the Messiah. Two hundred and fifty invitations have been issued. For the attendants, the bride-elect has chosen Mrs. William Morehouse, Jr., for matron of honor, and the bridesmaids will include Miss Gloma Pickens, a cousin of the bride, who has come from Galveston, Texas, to assist at the wedding, and who is a house guest at the Clendennon home; Miss Helen Northmore, Miss Lena McKie, and Miss Mary Vensel, a cousin of the bridegroom-to-be. Lieutenant Archie Zimmerman, U. S. A. will serve as best man, unless, before the important event, he is called forth to fight for his colors. Dr. French will officiate, and following the ceremony a reception will be held at the home of the bride's parents, to which a large circle of friends have been invited. Next Tuesday, Miss Lena McKie, who will be one of the bridesmaids, is giving a shower in honor

of Miss Clendennon. Miss Clara Funk, of Beverly, recently entertained with a luncheon at the Jonathan Club, later taking her guests to the Orpheum. Other pretty affairs are being planned for this attractive girl who is soon to be a bride.

Mrs. John W. Dwight of Washington, D. C., accompanied by her son, Mr. Jack Dwight, arrived the first of the week, and will pass the summer in California. Mrs. Dwight is the daughter of Mrs. Emmeline Childs. At present she is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Hicks in West Adams street. Mrs. Dwight and her mother plan to motor to Santa Barbara within a few days, where they will be guests at the Hotel Potter for a month, this being an annual habit of Mrs. Childs, who is particularly fond of this pretty resort.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Boadway, of Pasadena, entertained at luncheon Wednesday, at the Hotel Maryland, in honor of their son, Walter M. Boadway, and his bride, who was Miss Elizabeth Frost. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Frost, Miss Dorothy Frost, Mrs. Charles H. Wells, Mr. George W. Boadway, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Boadway, Miss Eleanor Boadway, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Boadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Fairbanks, of Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, are passing the summer at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hurd, of 777 North Los Robles, Pasadena, are summing at their beach home at Santa Monica, and incidentally have been entertaining extensively. Among their recent guests were Mrs. G. H. Wood, Mrs. Hurd's sister, with her husband and son; and upon another occasion Mr. and Mrs. Ben Whitmore, of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Martin, of San Marino, left Pasadena Sunday for the Hotel Virginia, where they will stay during the remainder of the summer.

An announcement was made recently in Pasadena of the engagement of Miss Jessie McCament, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McCament, of 201 South Marengo Avenue, to Mr. Rex E. Braley, also of Pasadena. Mr. Braley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Braley. At present the groom elect is with the Red Cross Ambulance Corps in Allentown, Pennsylvania, which will leave soon for service in France.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Phillips, formerly of Chicago, are the guests of Mrs. M. E. Stanton, of 228 South Marengo Avenue Pasadena.

The marriage of Miss Marguerite da Silva, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. da Silva, of 272 South Marengo Avenue, Pasadena, to Mr. Carl Lewis Bach, of San Francisco, took place Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVay, of 1190 West Twenty-ninth street, with their happy family, Miss Laura McVay, Miss Frances McVay, Mrs. Harold Paulin and the latter's two small sons from Imperial, and Mr. Bryant McVay, have deserted their pretty home, and have hied themselves away for a camping trip up to Sequoia National Park. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Williams Reynolds, whose marriage occurred only a short time ago are enjoying their new and attractive little home in La Cresta court.



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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND AUTOMOBILES

By HAROLD L. ARNOLD

President Southern California Motor Car Dealers Association

WHEN I was asked to write an article for the GRAPHIC concerning the automobile, it was suggested that I might deal with what the automobile had done for Southern California. That is what I shall do, accordingly, but in doing it I am going to mention what Southern California has done for the automobile as well. Southern California was not settled by contented people. If they had been contented where they were, they would not have come here in hundreds and thousands in the past thirty years. Chiefly they were not satisfied with the climate where they came from. Being powerless to reform the climate, they packed up and came to a country where the climate needed no reforming. They found plenty of other things to turn their attention to, however, such as reclaiming apparent deserts and developing enough water to make said deserts blossom as the rose. Then along in the early years of the twentieth century a new form of transportation came to the attention of the Southern Californians, and because they were people constitutionally dissatisfied with things as they were, they began to experiment very freely with the automobile.

A wonderful means of transportation they found it, or rather, they recognized it as a means of transportation with wonderful possibilities. Because they were a dissatisfied people they saw that an automobile without good roads to run on was something only a little better than a locomotive without two steel rails for track. That does not seem a very remarkable discovery for any one

to make, but the fact remains that there are large sections of this country that are only today discovering what Southern Californians realized ten years ago.

When they came to build good roads they found that the old types of good road would not stand up under automobile traffic. So they developed the oil-bound rock macadam, and later the concrete road, and the fame of Southern California good roads spread far and wide. Before many years the lure of Southern California good roads was only less potent than the lure of the Southern climate to draw eastern winter visitors.

The winter visitors who came for our good roads were a very desirable class of winter visitors. They were men of wealth and good judgment, and many of them built permanent homes here. Because the automobile and good roads had removed the old isolation belonging to a country estate, they were free to choose the site for their home wherever they would, and as a result, their beautiful homes and ranches form an almost continuous line under the sheltering blue of the Sierra Madres, and dot the green valleys below.

Within the southern counties of California, the motor tourist today can find 2368 miles of paved road, and thousands of miles more that has been improved to a point where it is a pleasure to travel it. It would be impossible to estimate the value added to our outlying lands by this combination of good roads and automobiles.

But less on the city than the country, the automobile has left its impress. Instead of becoming a race of modern cliff-dwellers in dingy flats, the residents of Los Angeles have been enabled to live as God intended, by means of automobiles and good streets. Instead of buying a lot close in for \$1500 and paying carfare, the Angeleno buys an acre out for \$1000 and an automobile with the other \$500 and achieves perfect independence.

But after all the real dividends on the money that Southern Californians have invested in automobiles and good roads have been received by the average man and his family in the shape of happiness. Along any of the main roads in Southern California during our long rainless summers you can find scores of those happy camps on their way to and from the great playgrounds of the Sierras and the San Bernardinos, the Sierra Madres or the long line of our beaches. A Ford, a family, a camping outfit, a California summer, and California roads offer a combination that will give a man a better chance in "the pursuit of happiness" than anything devised since Thomas Jefferson wrote those words. Certainly Southern California has spent millions for good roads. Certainly Southern California sends millions of dollars East every year for automobiles and automobile supplies. But if you really make a survey of the real happiness that results you will paraphrase Omar Khayyam with me and

"Wonder what Detroit folks buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

AT THE PLAYHOUSES

AUDITORIUM—Bessie Love
MAJESTIC—"Pamela"
MASON—"Robinson Crusoe"
MILLER'S—"Wife Number Two"
MOROSCO—"That Day"
ORPHEUM—Trixie Friganza

"PAMELA" AT MAJESTIC

ONE of the most important theatrical events of this season in Los Angeles is the production at the Majestic Theatre of Oliver Morosco's latest offering to the American stage entitled "Pamela". This comedy was first produced in London where it created a furor of sensation running nearly a year. Scenically it is the most beautiful play that Los Angeles has ever seen. Its four acts are laid in different parts of the Orient and Canada, and each act is a monument of beauty. In the name role of the play "Pamela", Mr. Morosco offers Eleanor Painter, one of the most famous of the actresses and singers, and one of the most beautiful. Miss Painter has an opportunity in this play for four big songs, although the play itself is straight comedy. Supporting her is Norman Trevor, who has gained a tremendous reputation, both in Europe and in America, and last season was leading man for Maude Adams. The cast includes Edward See, DeWit C. Jennings, Robert Lawler, Sue MacManamy, George Kuwa, Mine Tadakuma and Charles Buck. The production is under the personal direction of Mr. Clifford Brooks, who produced the original in London and who was brought here for the purpose of this American production.

NEW DRAMA AT MOROSCO

FOR the first time on any stage, Oliver Morosco on Sunday offered at the Morosco theatre a tremendous new drama by Louis K. Anspacher, author of "The Unchastened Woman" and many other successes. It is entitled "That Day", and is a play in three acts. The cast will be an elaborate one and will be headed by Bertha Mann and Forest Stanley, while Richard Dix, Lillian Elliott, Nancy Fair, Joseph Eggenton, Warner Baxter, William Raymond, Betty Brice, Edna Ellsmore, and others will be in the cast. In "That Day" there are ten people who meet in a casual way on a certain afternoon. Fate steps into the sunshine of that afternoon and twists up three of their lives tragically, three of their lives humorously, and three of their lives dramatically. In the web and woof of the plot there is a poignant love story of a woman who rises above the tragedy of her mistakes and finally earns her right to happiness.

AL. JOLSON RETURNS

THE biggest show of the season, and also the last as announced to hold down the boards at the Mason Opera House commenced Monday, July 30, when Al Jolson and his supporting company of nearly 200 from the New York Winter Garden entered on a home-coming "Jolson Joy Jubilee". The popular black-face nightingale came in an offering that has proven the big hit of the current season—"Robinson Crusoe, Jr." This attraction was staged at New Haven, Conn., in February of last year, as the spring offering at the New York Winter Garden and defied the withering influence of torrid summer until almost July 1st, when the present tour was arranged, opening at Atlantic City. This included engagements of eight weeks at Chicago, six at Boston and two each at Pittsburgh and Detroit, with record-breaking business everywhere. The season was scheduled to close at Milwaukee, May 26, but the demand for Jolson was so great in the west that a Pacific Coast tour was arranged.

FRIGANZA AT ORPHEUM

"WELL, well!" as the clown in the circus would say, "here we are again." And that is about the size of it—everyone is talking about Trixie Friganza, the star of the coming week's bill at the Orpheum, opening Monday matinee, July 30. For of all beloved American comedienne, Trixie is perhaps the first; she is certainly at the very top of the rolpolpy brigade of funmakers, and her merriment is unctious and glittering. She brooks no rivals. For some time now Trixie has been engulfed in musical comedy, where her brilliancy was necessarily intermittent. Now, however, she is freed of all such thralls, and is able to go to it. That she is eager for the fray is proved by the fact that she is spending what would be normally her vacation in playing here, and in San Francisco for Orpheumites. The new material she has is just as funny as anything of hers in the past. No one can put over a jolly song better than she can, and no one can give an odder turn to a ditty. Everyone recalls her squaw suffragette; well, she has others just as lively. With her this time she has Melissa Ten Eyck, and Gus Weily, dancers par excellence, to add to her own turn—as if she were not sufficient in herself. But that is her way. Another clever critter on the coming bill is Buster Santos, who with Jacque Hays, proves how funny a fat woman can be. Both revel in rollicking merriment, and call it "The Health Seekers." Orville Stearn will return to his home town, and show some patriotism as "America's Perfect Boy."

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KENNEL COMMENT

By R. C. HALSTED

QUALITY is as essential to usefulness in dogs as it is in soldiers. Every breed of dog from the Mastiff to the Chihuahua is useful. Many unthinking persons imagine that a dog must weigh over fifteen pounds to be at all useful. They unwisely conclude that the toy breeds have no practical value, that the adoption of a Pom or a Peke or a Maltese is merely the fad or fancy of some idle admirer and that they are too diminutive to serve master or mistress in any manner commensurate with the cost of their board. These self-made critics are obviously not good observers or they would know that the heart of a little dog is as staunch and as true as that of his big brother: he will announce a fire while you are sleeping or give an alarm at the approach of a burglar just as efficiently as the biggest dog in town. Usefulness cannot be rated by weight. So, the selection of a dog is a matter to be governed entirely by our own environment. Get one that fits—large breeds for ranches, medium breeds for town, and toy breeds if your home is in an apartment building. Dogs are like children, a lot depends upon their "bringing up". They are readily susceptible to training and while they have a wonderful intuitive knowledge of the difference between right and wrong and possess an inherent quality of devotion to their masters that passes understanding; yet to get the best that is in them they must be taught, and the only qualifications necessary to become a teacher or trainer of dogs are definiteness of purpose and patience. This latter quality, however, is quite rare in most of us. Every good dog is useful and some dogs are useful that are not good; but quality usually benefits anything.

Exhibitors near and far are conditioning their dogs for the Long Beach Show on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of August. This event is the Fifth Annual of the Bay Side Kennel Club and is to be given under the auspices of Anita M. Baldwin for the benefit of the American Red Star Animal Relief. Mrs. Baldwin is a member of the Bay Side Club and is the Chairman of the Bench Show Committee. The city of Long Beach has generously donated the use of its magnificent auditorium for the show and certainly no more ideal venue exists. The Chamber of Commerce of that city together with Col. Drake, proprietor of the Virginia Hotel, have aided the show officials materially in the inaugural work and will deem it a pleasure to make the visiting exhibitors comfortable and happy.

Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Baldwin for her unending expenditures of time and money in connection with the American Red Star. This most worthy charity identifies itself with the alleviation of suffering amongst the sick and wounded horses and dogs serving their respective countries in the great war. The facilities for treating these involuntary heroes is very inadequate but it is hoped that the good work being carried on by the American Red Star and kindred societies in Europe will improve conditions. Every lover of dogs can help this cause by donating a trophy to be offered at the Long Beach Show. A large trophy list attracts a big entry which in turn will provide the funds for which the show is to be given. Such donations should be sent to the secretary at 1314 Washington Bldg., Los Angeles, at once, as these trophies must be mentioned in the premium list of the show. Entries will close on August Eleventh and may be made with R. C. Halsted, secretary and superintendent at the address given above.

The judge chosen for this convention is Harry B. Hungerford, of Glencoe, Ill. An introduction is scarcely necessary. His reputation as an all-rounder precedes him and is to his credit. Aside from being a recognized authority on all breeds, Mr. Hungerford has specialized on Collies and of late years Cocker. For some time past the Collie and Cocker Spaniel fanciers have waited for a more or less out and out exponent of their respective breeds. The call has been heard, met and satisfied in the above-mentioned judiciary. Mr. Hungerford has not judged in the southwest before so he comes to you as a brand new, big league, arbitrator of the ribbons.

Doggy affairs in general seem to be in a substantial condition despite the upheaval over seas. All of the regular fixtures up and down the coast are being staged as usual and interest in them is not waning. Oakland is expected to announce dates soon for August or September. The Garden City Kennel Club of San Jose has picked October 10th to 13th with Wm. M. Coats of Vancouver as allrounder. Charles R. Harker the secretary anticipates the event to draw well this year. Los Angeles follows in November. Considerable interest is being taken in the several local kennels that are endeavoring to produce animals that can be trained for active war service. Their value to an army is now well established and the supply cannot keep pace with the demand.

The Los Angeles Kennel Club has commenced on the preliminary work for the fall event. The dates chosen will be either the 15th, 16th and 17th or the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of November. Every effort is being made to procure the best judging material possible. An elaborate club medal is now under construction which will be unique and worth winning. The officers of the club are: John F. Powers, President; W. W. Cockins, Vice-President; Freeman Ford, Director; J. M. Danziger, Director, and R. C. Halsted, Secretary-Treasurer.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Bullock, proprietress of the famous Imna Kennels, who has recently arrived from New England. Preceding her came Mr. David Prime with all of the Imnas, 46 in number. There was only one casualty enroute and that a puppy. Miss Bullock's collies and schipperkes and toys make a fascinating sight for the fancier for the lot

abound in quality and condition. The lady is looking over Southern California with a critical eye and if a suitable location for the kennels is found she thinks she will remain with us. We think she will get the stay-here habit, as have thousands of others.

Local exhibitors will have an opportunity to see how the new system of Point Rating operates when the Long Beach dates arrive for this will be the first show under the new rule in Southern California. It is a very simple system and easily understood but most difficult to memorize; personally we will carry it with us in our pocket rather than in our head. The new method of making champions was obtained by or from statistics and is in a sense a table of percentages. A record was kept of the number of dogs shown in each breed throughout

the United States for a period of one year and from this the ratings were produced. Each breed must now stand on its own feet as the number of championship points will no longer be determined by the gross entry at each show, but instead by the number of dogs exhibited in each separate breed. Henceforth it will be to the interest of each exhibitor to see that as big an entry as possible is made in his or her particular breed. Those who get busy will make a five point rating and those who don't must be content with one point.

This department will greatly appreciate such items of kennel news as will be entertaining to our readers and you are therefore invited to participate in its progress.



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GOLF AUTOCRAT WEEK IN SOCIETY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to have such a one upon whom they can comfortably saddle all responsibilities and arguments, and rest content that prompt decisions will be forthcoming. He is probably one of the most universal popular men in the game—and bears his blushing honors with becoming equanimity. A frivolous golf scribe once nick-named Ed Tufts "Baby Dimple." And at the very time when he was serving as president of the grand jury, too. He'll never live that down for a spell. It almost undermined his autocracy.

The very first golf course was at Santa Monica, where the English contingent knew how to relegate business to its proper sphere. Ed Tufts loves to tell about that old field in which wheelbarrows masqueraded as hazards and greens were arduously hand-made by faithful devotees. They used to drive out with old-fashioned horses and buggies and take their lunch; and the ladies used to play in very short skirts and high boots.

Riverside, the other English colony, soon followed with another primitive golf course—that was started by C. E. Maude and R. D. Osburn—and some of the inter-club contests were replete with enthusiastic ferocity and ardent competition.

And now we have fourteen first class country clubs and many lesser ones in Southern California boasting hundreds upon hundreds of stylish be-automobiled members, and distinguished waiting lists. And the luxurious pleasure resort that essayed to omit a golf course—where would it be? It simply can't be done.

Howard J. Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Benton Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hunter, W. M. Alexander, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Miss Alexander, Mrs. R. E. Wells, Miss Grace Wells, Robert H. Wells, Seeley G. Mudd, L. P. Kingsbaker, Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon Reilly, T. J. Fleming, Maynard McFie, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Mueller, Douglas Mueller, Wallace Miller, Mrs. M. B. Crone, Robert B. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gorton, Miss B. B. Evans, H. M. Evans, and Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Bartlett, whose marriage was so recently solemnized in Los Angeles, are passing their honeymoon at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. Bartlett will be remembered as Miss Ruth Johnson, daughter of Mrs. W. N. Johnson. After an extended honeymoon at Coronado Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett will motor through Southern California before leaving for their future home in Honolulu.

Miss Katherine Spaulding, the attractive daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Spaulding, of Coronado, became the bride of Capt. W. A. Peebles, U. S. A., July 20, in St. Mark's Church, San Antonio. The young officer, who is an accomplished aviator, received his promotion to captain several days before the wedding. The bride and bridegroom left immediately after the ceremony for Dayton, Ohio, where they will be permanently domiciled.

Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Ryland, of Hollywood, and their two charming daughters, Miss Mary and Miss Juliet Ryland, are staying at Huntington Beach.

NEW MODES DESCRIBED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

unbuttons from its moorings at the side seams of the skirt and brings to view a trig, semi-long coat-suit. The girdle of serge is weighted with generous tassels of heavy silk thread in trench blue.

Shown with the sable shawl is a hat disporting the new tire brim, abristle with burnt goose and having a round satin crown.

The military suit is topped by one of the new French tri-cornes, the downward turning brim and crown of latter's plush and the tri-corniform brim over-faced with heckel. All exhibited by Bullock's.

The smart Gage hat of marigold yellow felt, in the new cut-out effect, over Nile taffeta, if not married to the stunning waistcoat with which it is seen, must be at least betrothed to it! Desmond's are the first to show the Gage hat in this novel style; and also first to bring out the waistcoat in severely tailored finish, with those quaint, pointed hip skirts set upon a snug waist-line, and owning so modestly to many set-in pockets. The material is extremely fine French cloth in silver gray, and the sparcity of the gray pearl buttons seems to add to their significance.

At Harris & Frank's, on Spring Street, was seen a smartly tailored suit for fall, the coat in the close skirted knee length, with simulated side pockets, and all seams over-lapped, and bound with flat silk braid. An extravagance of black bone buttons creep up the back of the close fitting sleeves, along the velvet of the sailor collar and fasten the belt at either side. French gabardine in navy was selected for this suit. The Blackstone hat shown with it, is a white Georgette in tailleure effect, plainly banded with folded gros grain ribbon, which breaks into a stiffly wired bow at the front of the odd-shaped brim.

A dressy hat for late summer wear, also from Blackstone's, is formed from lace-like horsehair braid, bandeaued in heavy moire ribbon and spired with burnt peacock rooted in a moire ribbon twist.

The popular sleeveless riding suit, seen at the shop of the B. F. Dyas Company, is built upon excellent lines. The cool immaculacy of the white French gabardine, declares for summer comfort as well as style. The satin-banded, white gabardine sailor hat is becoming and protective to the eyes. With this suit is shown the puttee-boot, a combination of well cut shoe and puttee, which is replacing the straight riding boot. For a change, a coat of grass green gabardine in a coarse weave, may accompany the white breeches.

Feagans & Company show many novelties in vanities and cigarette cases, Dorines and gold meshed bags. A cigarette case featured is in square mannish effect, striped in green gold and red upon silver. The Dorine matches it. The new tango bag of fine gold mesh, is shaped upon dropping lines, and terminated by a tassel of golden links tipped with tiny pearls. The engine-turned frame of narrow gold may be enriched with one's favorite gems.

¶ This is some issue of THE GRAPHIC.

¶ More, it is Graphic Proof of the Supremacy of STAR Engraved Illustrations---for the Half-tone Cuts and Color Plates were produced by THE STAR ENGRAVING CO., 223 East Fourth Street, Los Angeles.

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TRUST COMPANY ADVANTAGES

By ALLAN HERRICK

AMONG the advantages which the trust company possesses for the work of the executor, administrator and trustee, are the qualities of permanence, experience and responsibility.

Permanence comes first. A trust is not a legal relationship carefully defined as to its limits and narrow in its scope. A person may delegate almost any trust to another. As a result, duties of the most complicated and difficult, as well as the most arduous character often fall upon a trustee. To many, therefore, competence and experience would seem to be the first consideration in the selection of a trustee, or an executor or administrator, whose duties are somewhat similar. Such is, however, not altogether the fact. For mismanagement and failure to perform a trust can be detected, and often prevented, before too late. But one disaster can absolutely defeat the wishes of the one who makes the trust, in spite of every precaution which can be taken and every safeguard which can be placed around the individual trustee. More serious than failure to perform a trust, death removes the trustee, leaves the affairs of the trust uncared for, the nature of the trust itself perhaps not clearly understood, and often causes untold difficulty and loss before the trust can be delegated to another.

When a trust company acts however, this greatest of all disasters which may befall the trust relationship, is avoided. A trust company enjoys life in perpetuity. The individual members connected with it die, but the trusts which it handles continue undisturbed, the corporate organization absorbing the change of personnel with but slight change in policy from century to century.

It is not to be understood that trusts as a general rule continue over a great many years. The work of an administrator, for instance, often is completed within two years. But often in inverse ratio to the length of the trust are the responsibilities connected with it. In the case of an administrator for instance, while his acts are carefully watched by the Probate Court, he still has a large element of individual power—he may lay plans for the disposal of property which are not yet completed, and should death strike at that moment, those who were to benefit must suffer. With the trust company, however, this may not happen.

Second in importance in this connection is experience. This is an age of careful management. The modern business man abhors futility. It jars his sense of the fitness of things to see tasks blundered through which might be well done. He wants what is done to be done well, and in the best manner possible. And the handling of a trust of any nature requires experience, if it is to be well done. It is not a task for a beginner. Particularly is this true of the duties of the administrator. The party who created the trust has passed on—he cannot be consulted. The welfare of women and children and their comfort and happiness for many years to come depends upon the wise execution of the trust. A degree of business sagacity is required in closing the estate which its continued

operation as a business or family enterprise would never require. And all that is done must be performed to the satisfaction of a Probate Court, which of necessity is strict in its requirements. Here is the task then of the administrator. To the uninitiated it is a mountainous one.

To the trust company, however, the work of closing up an estate is not new, nor is it of tremendous difficulty. With experience strange tasks become familiar and habitual. Even with new problems arising for each estate, trust company methods become in part standardized and customary. The work becomes routine. And the heirs of an estate enjoy the benefits of this greater efficiency. When a wife or other near relative is named as Executor or Administrator, they are usually entirely at sea as to the nature of their duties.

They must learn the requirements of the new position. And it is hardly to be expected that under these circumstances they entirely avoid serious errors. The fact that they have recently passed through great sorrow and a disorganization of family affairs does not strengthen them for their labors. The trust company on the other hand is well prepared, strong, competent, able, impartial, and best of all for the heirs and the welfare of the estate-experienced.

The fact that a trust company is strong financially is one of the points which has appealed especially to the American temperament. Our success as a business nation is due in part to our ability to eliminate the possibility of loss through unforeseen dangers or weakness. One of those weaknesses is the human frailty of those who are entrusted with great responsibilities. However careful we may be in the selection of those who are to bear responsibility, experience assures us that sooner or later we must find one whom we trust that is in point of fact unworthy of our confidence. It has happened as often in the case of an executor or an administrator as with any other trusted agent. And a part of the modern trust company service is the insurance against loss from this cause.

If an individual uses the funds of an estate unwisely, or dishonestly, he may be punished. But that does not return to the wife and heirs the precious funds which have been lost. That recompense depends upon his financial responsibility—upon the assets he has personally, which may be used to reimburse the estate. And under usual circumstances these are insufficient to cover a loss of any appreciable amount.

The trust company on the other hand, has financial responsibility great enough to be a real safeguard to an estate. If it were to use funds entrusted to its care for its own purposes, or to wilfully allow funds in its care to be dissipated, those who suffered might sue at law and recover. The assets of the trust company are sufficient to actually serve as a measure of protection to the estate and the guaranty fund on deposit with the State, as required in California, is additional security. The chance for loss through dishonesty or neglect is thus practically eliminated.

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INVESTING IN BONDS

By JULIAN LANGNER

THE first test to be applied by the bond investor is surely this—will my investment be a first mortgage bond—a direct lien on the mortgage property?

The heavy war taxes now impending and the increased cost of living have made it absolutely necessary for the bond investor to look to higher interest-yielding securities; but there are very few six per cent securities on the market of proven safety.

There are however twelve standard tests by which the soundness of investments may be judged; tests representing fixed principles of conservatism which always hold true but which many are apt to overlook. Hitherto the investor

in bonds has found low interest yielding security sufficient, but to meet his increased obligations he is confronted with a new problem which he must solve—and solve immediately. To meet this situation he must seek an investment where the return is higher than that to which he has hitherto been accustomed. A high grade First Mortgage 6% Bond is probably the highest type of investment, combining safety, a reasonable interest rate, stability in value, marketability and convenience. It is a first mortgage upon real property—and it should be especially emphasized that the land, the foundation and source of real wealth is always last and least affected in any time of commercial stress

TAXATION AND THE INVESTMENT MARKET

WITH the United States at war a heavy increase in expenditures is certain. It is not generally realized, however, how easily we can bear this burden. We have been accustomed to thinking in terms of millions, whereas the wealth of the world has become so great that it is today necessary to figure in terms of billions. Since the outbreak of the war we have been startled by the increasing magnitude of the modern debt without giving equal attention to the enormous increase in modern wealth. Not only have the continental nations the wealth to bear the financial strain of war for a much longer period than was at first supposed, but the burden which we will be called upon to assume will be light in comparison with that of the other warring nations.

At the end of the Napoleonic wars the total estimated wealth of the United Kingdom was \$11,520,000,000, with a debt of \$4,320,000,000, or practically thirty-eight per cent. of its total resources. Today the estimated wealth of the United Kingdom is \$85,000,000,000 with a total net debt of about \$17,000,000,000, or practically twenty per cent. In other words, Great Britain's debt, even after the enormous expenditures of the past three years, is only about one-half what it was in 1816. To put it differently, Great Britain, eliminating the question of the submarine blockade, could continue fighting for nearly three years more and accumulate a debt of over \$32,000,000,000, and still be no more heavily burdened than in 1816.

Shortly prior to the war, the estimated wealth of the United States was very nearly equal to the combined wealth of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Russia, Italy and Japan; the income of the United States very nearly equaled the combined income of Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, France, Russia and Austria-Hungary, while our debt was insignificant. Today our resources, in comparison to those of the other belligerent nations, are considerably greater owing to the increase of wealth in this country during the past two and one-half years. We have in fact at the present time over 30% of the world's available gold supply and about one-third of its tangible wealth.

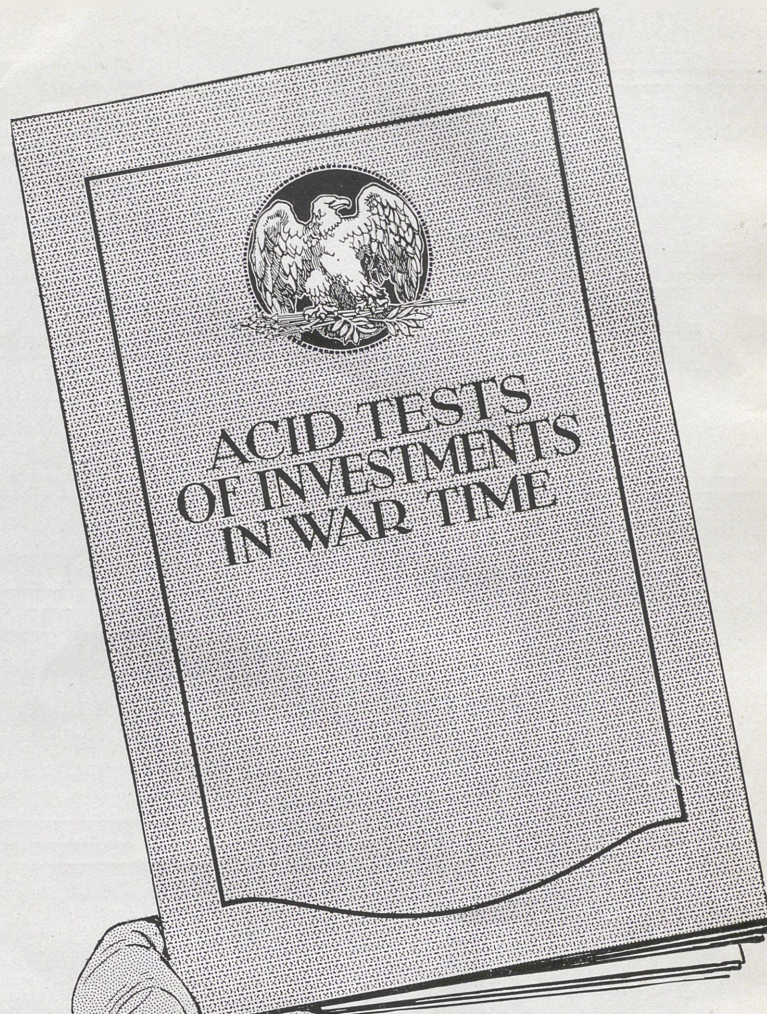
It is apparent that such debt as we will assume can be borne with comparative ease, particularly since, owing to our geographical position, it will be impossible for us to be drawn into the conflict to anything like the extent of Great Britain, France or Russia. A comparison of our resources with those of Great Britain will make this evident. Our wealth is today \$220,000,000,000 as against \$85,000,000,000 for Great Britain, while our income is \$50,000,000,000 as against \$15,000,000,000 for Great Britain. On the same basis per capita as the British, we could, therefore, bear a debt of \$42,000,500,000, or forty-five times our present indebtedness. If, however, national income is taken as the basis, we could assume a debt of approximately \$57,000,000,000 and still be no more burdened than Great Britain with a present net debt of \$17,000,000,000. Such a debt, in fact, would be less burdensome to us, as a considerable proportion of any bonds we may issue will merely be exchanged for bonds of the entente allies, bearing identical interest, the proceeds from which will be spent within the United States and which will increase our trade. Yet we have seen that Great Britain, in spite of the magnitude of its debt at this time, has only little more than half the comparative debt with which she found herself saddled at the end of the Napoleonic wars in 1816. To put the case even stronger, certain phases of life in England, France and perhaps even Germany show signs of distinct prosperity. Labor for the first time in modern history is not only fully employed at high wages, but

women, who formerly were economically non-productive, are now engaged in every form of work; money is circulating rapidly, and the people are saving at a rate never known before. If one could look at this side of the picture alone he would say that England and France, and perhaps even Germany are exceptionally well off. In the United States we have the same situation without the possibility of such a severe strain upon us as a belligerent. Whatever may be said about the war prosperity of the European nations, one thing is clear; production has gone forward as never before and capital has come forth freely for investment.

Looking at the matter from every angle, while our participation in the war will undoubtedly necessitate the expenditure of a few billion dollars, it will nevertheless in the long run have certain compensating financial benefits, since instead of being discriminated against at the end of the war we will be a favored and creditor nation, with Europe heavily in our debt. Our joining the entente allies should, therefore, give us a permanent hold on foreign trade and insure our financial supremacy for many years to come.

To consider again for a moment the question of debt, the very serious mistake made in the past by economists, who have expressed apprehension at the size of national debt, has been in their assumption that the income of nations which had increased in the past would remain stationary for the future. This is by no means true. The wealth of Europe increased 700% from 1816 to 1916, and it is certain that it will increase greatly in the future, although probably not to the extraordinary degree witnessed during the last century. In other words, it should be borne in mind that no matter how large our debt may become in the next few years, the increase in our future wealth will make it at the end of a few years much easier to bear. For example, the debt of Great Britain in 1913 was approximately \$4,000,000,000 or practically the same as in 1816, whereas her wealth had increased seven and one-half times in the interval.

As regards the bond and stock market, the situation seems to be somewhat as follows: Many securities are today selling not only lower than a few months ago, but lower than in 1907, in spite of the fact that present earnings are much greater than at that time with a better outlook for industry. This can only be accounted for by the fact that the uncertainties of the past five months and the disturbing factors mentioned in every edition of the press have created a vague fear, which has tended to depress the market value of securities. In any boom during normal times the price of stocks has invariably outstripped a proper relation to earnings. This, however, is by no means true today. We have numerous examples such as that of U. S. Steel Common, of corporations which by the end of the present year will have earned as much or more in twenty-four months than the market value of their stocks. This situation is so noteworthy that many newspaper editors and bankers have called attention to it, stating that in their judgment the market is in excellent condition to withstand the most serious situation we have been called upon to face since the Civil War. It has been frequently said that Steel Common (we use this stock as an example merely because it is very widely distributed) would have sold from 150 to 200 with similar earnings and prospects during a boom in normal times. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the earnings of a very large number of corporations are sufficient to stand drastic taxation and still leave a margin great enough to warrant considerably higher prices for their securities than are now prevailing.



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RECENT BOOKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

THIS year brings the centenary of Jane Austen's death, which occurred on the 18th of July 1817, in view of which it is proposed that a tablet be placed upon Chawton Cottage, near Alton. Hants recording the fact that the authoress lived there from 1809 to 1817, and from which, all her works were sent out into the world.

NEW editions of "Erewhon" and the "Note Books of Samuel Butler" have just been published by E. P. Dutton, proving that the wonderful novelist satirist, musician, artist and iconoclast, as he has been called, is living more potently than ever even though it has been fifteen years since he passed into the Silence.

THE Century Co. has just placed upon the book mart a most important and useful book anent the art of flying. It is called a "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics" and is by Henry House, with a foreword by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N. To put it briefly it is a comprehensive library on aeronautics, comprised in a single volume, contributed by the leading authorities on the subject. The invaluable assistance of aircraft both in offensive and defensive operations are described and presented in convenient form and the latest and official information concerning the aerial defense of the fifteen Naval Districts, U. S. Navy Yards, and a wealth of similar information. The volume can be accurately described as "clear, correct and stimulating", and is without doubt a book that will mean much in a real sense.

CLUB CAUSERIE

By BECKIE SHARP

The L. A. H. "Don't, dear, don't. That is what all the fringy New Yorkers say when they come here. The Best People don't do it, chérie. Come now, you've been here two weeks in midsummer, declined to visit any of the resorts because your clothes weren't suitable, kept me in town and made me pretend I liked it—and then dare to pull that cheap Eastern bromide on me!"

The N. D. "Well, have you any?"

The F. W. "Ma foi! How provincial Newport must be. It's sophistication is much over-rated. Me, I find the most of the parvenus, they come from the Other side of America."

The L. A. H. "Thank you, Fifi, you're a trump. She deserved that. You'll be lucky if you are accepted, my dear. You have birth but little else. We demand a good deal more here. It's largely an aristocracy of culture, and distinguished parasites have a chilly time of it. You'll have to brush up your learning, join a first-class woman's club, learn to talk and listen intelligently, be thoroughly au courant with international events, mend your manners, keep a careful eye on your reputation—and then if you have a pedigree as well, you may get by."

The M-W. V. (nervously) "Perhaps I had better go back after all."

The C. O. W. "On the contrary, my dear. You and I will readily be accepted on our personal charms. That's one thing about California, it's per-

sonality that counts. Here am I a modest Canadian officer's wife, eking out subsistence on the government allowance, but I might have been a wealthy duchess for the consideration and attention I have received. California hospitality has not been over-rated, any way."

The N. D. "Well but one would miss the metropolitan theatres, the opera, and the smart restaurants."

The L. A. H. "Tut, tut. They all come here. And then the wretched hyper-sophisticated Easterners don't patronize 'em, either. Why the Ballet Russe, and the opera had to depend entirely on native California—the Easterners only patronize our disreputable pleasure resorts when they want amusement."

The M-W. V. "Oh, but there aren't any disreputable pleasure resorts in Southern California. Why, I was investigating the work of your Morals Efficiency Association the other day."

The L. A. H. "No, we are very discreet. We always keep 'em just beyond the city limits. You see, we don't make disreputability our long suit. We prefer our disreputability as a condiment, not a whole meal. But we have the condiments, my dear, and thus cater cleverly for all tastes."

The N. D. "You'll have to show me!"

The F. W. "Oh, take me, too."

The N-W. V. "I think perhaps... if you are sure it is alright..."

The L. A. H. "Certainly, dear. Quite scandalously alright. You see, we are all so absolutely yabov reproach that we can afford to be seen anywhere we like. We all go down to look at the wicked people—and see all our respectable friends."

THE BOND MARKET

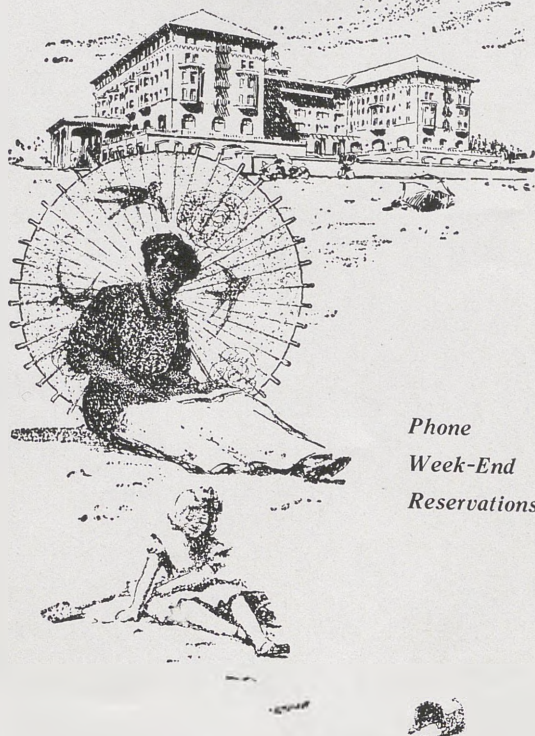
With the second instalment of Liberty Loan out of the way, the financial outlook is comparatively clear. Funds withdrawn in preparation for financing this payment, and for July interest and dividend disbursements are now returning to New York. The financial situation is further relieved by the reduction of reserves of Federal Reserve Banks from an 18% to a 13% basis, which reduction released approximately \$90,000,000. Payments for the original Liberty Loan will not be completed until the close of August, and the Allies will soon be in need of large additional advances, so that with our own military demands to be met, the absorption of funds will be on a very heavy scale, so long as the war continues.

There is no question but that these requirements will be easily satisfied, but the universal waste and need of capital created by war, will, in all likelihood, increase the interest rates. The sale of \$55,000,000 New York City 4½% Bonds was, under existing conditions, entirely satisfactory, but the low prices obtained, as compared with recent sales, proved conclusively that higher interest rates are now necessary to command capital. This condition is further borne out in the recent offerings of General Electric Co. 3-year 6% Notes on a 6.18% basis; Southern California Edison Co. 3-year 6% Convertible Gold Bonds at prices to yield 6.75%; and Pan American Petroleum and Transport Co. Marine Equipment First Lien 6% Convertible Gold Bonds on a 6% basis for average maturities. It is rumored also that a number of other large corporations are in the near future to put out issues of short term notes to yield approximately 6%. In view of the present market conditions, it would seem to be almost impossible to market a large issue of long-term bonds at reasonable interest rate.

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